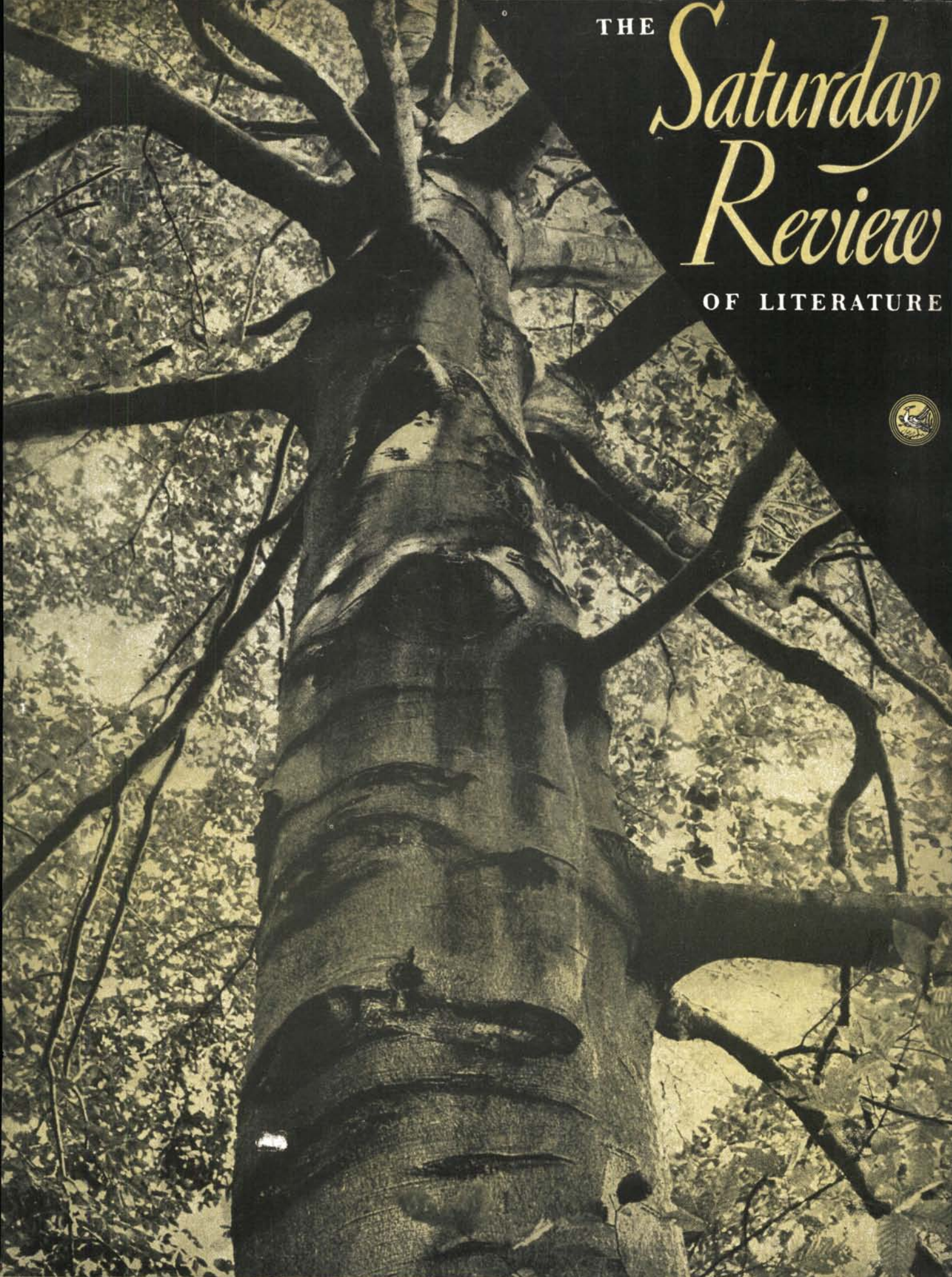

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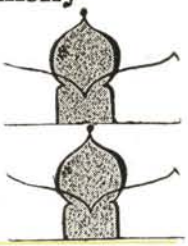

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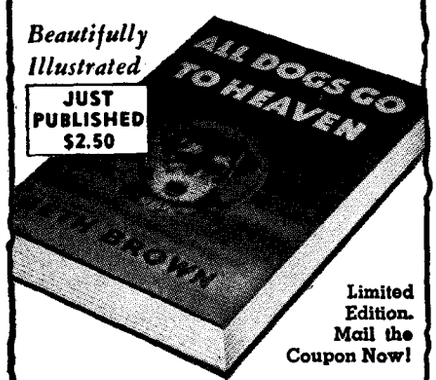

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FEATURES

PAGE

FOOLS, LIARS, AND MR. DEVOTO
By Sinclair Lewis 9

ALMANAC FOR SPRING READING
By Amy Loveman 13

SALVADOR DALI AS WRITER
By Haakon M. Chevalier 14

STRICTLY PERSONAL
By Philip Wylie 16

WHAT'S WRONG WITH SCHOLARS?
By Marjorie Nicolson 18

THE FACT DISPENSARY
By Houston Peterson 36

THE SHOW MUST GO ON!
By Bernard Sobel 54

SPRING BOOKS FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS
By Mary Gould Davis 72

REVIEWS

BOOK	AUTHOR	REVIEWER
THE EDUCATION OF T. C. MITS	Hugh Gray & Lillian R. Lieber	*Leonard Bacon* 20
REVOLUTION COMES OF AGE	Asher Byrnes	*Brig. Gen. Donald Armstrong* 21
STREET CORNER SOCIETY	William Foote Whyte	*William S. Lynch* 22
HOUR OF TRIUMPH	George Fielding Eliot	*Hal Borland* 23
OUT OF THE CLOUDS	Robert Kazmayer	
A MODERN FOREIGN POLICY FOR THE UNITED STATES	Joseph M. Jones	
CITIZEN, PLAN FOR PEACE!	Edited by M. E. Bush	
TVA-DEMOCRACY ON THE MARCH	David E. Lilienthal	*Jonathan Daniels* 25
CHRONICLE OF DAWN	Ramón Sender	*Ralph Bates* 26
DANGLING MAN	Saul Bellow	*Nathan L. Rothman* 27
GOOD-BY, MR. CHIPPENDALE	T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings	*Richardson Wright* 44
MR. TOMPKINS EXPLORES THE ATOM	G. C. Gamow	*Waldemar Kaempffert* 44
FOUR YEARS	Adrian Van Sinderen	*Hans W. Weigert* 48
AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONAL DEVELOPMENT	Carl Brent Swisher	*George Fort Milton* 52
DOCTORA IN MEXICO	Olive Floyd	*Bess Jones* 58
THE CONCERTO	Abraham Veinus	*Paul Henry Lang* 66
LAKE HURON	Fred Landon	*Allan Nevins* 68
FROSSIA	E. M. Almedingen	*Robert Pick* 70
WHILE STILL WE LIVE	Helen MacInnes	*R. Ellis Roberts* 71

DEPARTMENTS

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 19
LITERARY CRYPT: No. 43 25
EDITORIAL 28
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 29
TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 32
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét 78
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 78
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 545 83
DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB 83

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men in U. S. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XVII, No. 16, April 15, 1944. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Copyright, 1944.

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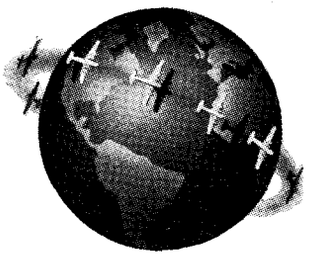

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Fools, Liars, and Mr. DeVoto

A Reply to "The Literary Fallacy"

SINCLAIR LEWIS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In its preceding issue,* The Saturday Review *published as a preview of the book the last chapter of Bernard DeVoto's "The Literary Fallacy," a series of lectures delivered by the author last year at the University of Indiana under the auspices of the Patten Foundation. Mr. DeVoto drew up a sweeping and incisive indictment of the leading writers of the* 1920's. *He wrote that: "Never in any country or any age had writers so misrepresented their culture, never had they been so unanimously wrong. Never had writers been so completely separated from the experiences that alone give life and validity to literature. . . . The American people were not what their writers had believed them to be. Only persons so lost in logic, dream, and theory that they were cut off from their heritage could have held those ideas. . . ." The following article by Sinclair Lewis was written in reply to Bernard DeVoto.*

IN literary treatises it has not been customary to make one's points by yelling "Fool" and "Liar," but perhaps we have all been wrong. In his new volume, "The Literary Fallacy,"* my old friend Mr. Bernard DeVoto—large D and no space before the V, apparently—has this pronouncement:

> Writers must be content to hold their peace until they know what they are talking about. Readers must be willing to hold them to the job if they refuse to hold themselves. An uninstructed gentleness toward writers has been the mistake of readers in our time. Words like "fool" and "liar" might profitably come back to use. . . . If literature is to be serious then it cannot be permitted folly and lying and when they appear in it then they must be labeled and denounced.

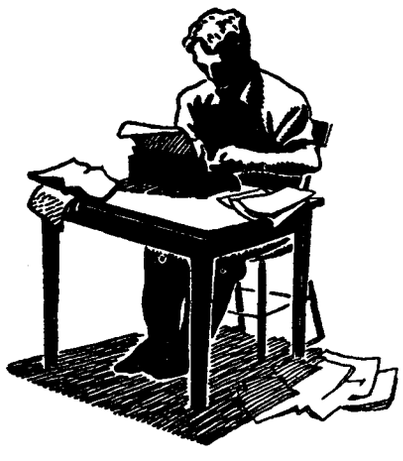
Very well. I denounce Mr. Bernard DeVoto as a fool and a tedious and egotistical fool, as a liar and a pompous and boresome liar.

He is a liar in his statement of the purposes of "The Literary Fallacy," and a fool in his repetitious announcements that he is the one authority on the American frontier, psychoanalysis, family life, the literature of geology, the technic of biography, the treatment of burns, and on Mark Twain, and all New England writers whatsoever.

The intrepid Mr. DeVoto rather fondles the offensive words. He writes, "Mr. Brooks's ignorance was for years a public instrument of literature. With its aid many writers . . . *lied* flatly about the people they were presuming to interpret." And: "As a mind Martin (Arrowsmith) suffers from arrested development, as a scientist he is a *fool.*"

Here is what, not very truthfully, Mr. DeVoto declares to be the thesis of his book. It is a four-barreled or machine-gun thesis. (1) There was a mysterious age of literature known as the twenties, confined to exactly ten years. [Upon whose completion, at 12:01 A.M., January 1, 1930, God sighed, "I'll never try anything like that again!" S. L.]

Mr. DeVoto admits that a few of the writers who exhibited in the twenties may have been born several months before them and a still smaller squad may go on existing in the 1940's, but he implies that their publishing books in the twenties miraculously made all these zombies exactly alike—for instance, Eugene O'Neill, Dale Carnegie, and Edith Wharton, perhaps?



(2) All of these scoundrels have maintained that a culture may best be understood by its books, and (3) such a belief in their own profession, like that of a priest, a soldier, a judge, or a teacher, is very naughty of them, and (4) to quote from "The Literary Fallacy": "Never in any country or any age had writers so misrepresented their culture."

Now all of this makes up an obvious lie, but the double-lie comes in the fact that none of this actually belongs to Mr. DeVoto's thesis. What he really says in this booklet is merely that Mr. DeVoto is an incalculably wiser and nobler man than Mr. Van Wyck Brooks.

This is the third or fourth book, now, in which DeVoto has led a frantic one-man revolution with the slogan, "Brooks must go!" I do not believe that Mr. Brooks has ever answered or ever will answer. He is too gentle, too just, too scholarly—and perhaps too pitying.

* * *

MY first encounter with DeVoto was on a train to Philadelphia, years ago. He timidly introduced himself as a teacher who was trying to write for *The Saturday Evening Post.* I had never heard of him but I was interested in that frog-like face, those bright eyes, that boyish and febrile longing to be noticed. I was reasonably polite to him, and he was grateful. I saw him several times afterward, but his screaming, his bumptiousness, his conviction that he was a combination of Walter Winchell and Erasmus, grew hard to take, and it is a long time now since I have seen him. And I note that in the same way a good many reviewers find the growing noisiness and cocksureness of his books increasingly irritating.

The man must be studied. Like his fellow ornaments of New England, Lydia Pinkham, William Dudley Pelley, and Phineas T. Barnum, he has by brashness and self-advertisement pushed himself into notoriety, and since no serious critic, like Mr. Brooks

**THE LITERARY FALLACY. By Bernard DeVoto. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1944. 175 pp. $2.50.*

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or Mr. Carl Van Doren or Mr. Fadiman or Mr. Edmund Wilson, has thought it worth while to deflate him, many innocent and youthful believers still listen to him.

When his "The Year of Decision" appeared last year and we found that if he would but gag his babbling ego he could still write remarkably sound and unhackneyed history, many of us believed, however, that he still had a soul to save, and that the salvation might require nothing beyond a couple of miracles and twenty years of patience.

* * *

"THE LITERARY FALLACY" is, aside from a few rather anxious introductory pages, composed of lectures delivered to the fortunate students of the University of Indiana in 1942-3. A foreword issued by the Patten Foundation of the University explains, "The purpose of this prescription (*sic*) is to provide an opportunity for members and friends of the University to enjoy the privilege and advantage of personal acquaintance with the Visiting Professor."

Let us not stray into speculation as to what the members and friends later thought about having had the privilege of personal acquaintance with the Visiting Professor.

This is a small, thin book, prosily dull, carelessly planned, presenting nothing but Mr. DeVoto's bellows about his own importance. Why then waste bombs on it?

I want to point the way to an adventure too beautiful for realization. What would happen if men like O'Neill and Hemingway, who have been too busy with living and writing to take time out for self-defense, should some day turn on such talmudists as DeVoto, Howard Mumford Jones, Allen Tate, R. P. Blackmur, Yvor Winters, and Edmund Wilson—I wonder if it is an accident that Mr. Wilson's invariable nickname, "Bunny," so resembles Mr. DeVoto's "Benny"? Most of them are dryer and more fastidious and responsible critics than DeVoto and much less given to shouting "Notice me—notice me," but they all have a kinship and it is their influence that has caused every college instructor now living to write, very badly, another book about Henry Adams, Henry James, T. S. Eliot, and William Faulkner.

It might be impossible to persuade Ernest Hemingway to spend even one hour in reading the pomposities of Benny and Bunny, but if he should ever see how easy it is to crush them at their own game, then God help those mincing messiahs.

MR. DEVOTO often seems to be taking a pose and waiting for a camera, any camera. He does so in the first pages of "The Literary Fallacy," where he worries:

> Since ways of thinking are fairly constant, the fallacy which this book examines is likely to appear in some of the reviews of the book in literary periodicals. Readers who may want to see the fallacy in actual operation are advised to look for it there. The book . . . does not try to describe American literature during the 1920's completely, to tell the whole truth about it, or to pass judgment on it as a whole, but some reviewers may report on it in an understanding that it tries to do all three.

With only a passing wonder as to why DeVoto repeats a statement three times and then calls it three statements, and as to whether it is his personal knowledge of reviewing that makes him so jumpily apprehensive about the intelligence and honesty of his fellow-reviewers, let us note that for once he does tell the truth about this book.

—*Frances O'Brien Garfield*

Bernard DeVoto

It certainly is not a complete account of the literary crimes of the 1920's. In fact, it is nothing at all but a long-winded confession of DeVoto's obsession about Van Wyck Brooks, plus a few envious references to other contemporaries, and two essays, one on the geologist John Wesley Powell and the other on the medical treatment of burns. These essays, which are as original and definitive as a high-school theme, are supposed to indicate how many things we others failed to know and write about in the 1920's and to show how our books would have been written if we had been so lucky as to have Mr. DeVoto write them for us.

How it must irritate him to have to sit around year after year waiting to find out what Van Wyck Brooks's next book will be, so that he may know what *his* new book will be. If Brooks ever tackles Proust or anything else east of Massachusetts or south of New Jersey, then DeVoto is sunk for life.

Let us check all this.

Out of the 169 actually printed pages of this small book (on sale for $2.50 at several book stores, if you want to pay that much), one to four pages each are devoted to the sins of Dos Passos, Hemingway, Lewis, Wilson, Eliot, and Pound, and to the virtues of Frost and Farrell. Other writers are disposed of more briefly. Mr. DeVoto finds twenty-one lines, quite enough to deal with Willa Cather, E. A. Robinson, Sandburg, and Stephen Benét all put together, and from five to fifty words each sufficient to finish up Mencken, Jeffers, Hecht, Dreiser, Dell, Tate, Fitzgerald, Frank, Mumford, Tom Wolfe, Carl and Mark Van Doren, MacLeish, Kazin, Beard, and Cabell. How right you are, Mr. DeVoto. Your treatise cannot be accused of completeness.

Indeed it is so far from that foible that, in an account of the 1920's, it does not even mention Booth Tarkington, eleven of whose books appeared in the 1920's, Thornton Wilder, whose "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" came out in 1927, Hergesheimer, Sherwood Anderson, Elinor Wylie, Edna Millay, Upton Sinclair, Ellen Glasgow, Edith Wharton, any dramatist whatever except O'Neill—whom DeVoto hates—Hervey Allen, Conrad Aiken, Glenway Westcott, E. E. Cummings, Ring Lardner, Evelyn Scott, Louis Bromfield, Hart Crane, Zona Gale, or the Will Beebe who did for biology all that Mr. DeVoto's Mr. Powell did for geology.

He may explain that he knows intimately and hates all of these figures but that in his gay little sloop he simply hasn't room for them.

But he does have room for seventy pages, seventy out of the total 169, for his attack on Van Wyck Brooks!

And he has room for the twelve pages of his medical treatise, the purpose of which is to prove that he knows more about medicine than Dr. Jacques Loeb, Dr. Paul de Kruif, and Dr. Martin Arrowsmith put together. And he can take ten pages for an ac-

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count of Powell, the actual purpose of which is revealed on page 133:

> For this man (Major Powell) wrote . . . books, one of which we must glance at, his "Report on the Lands of the Arid Region of the United States," Mr. Brooks has not heard about it, nor Mr. Mumford, Mr. Stearns, Mr. Lewisohn, Mr. Frank, Mr. Parrington, or Mr. Hicks, nor even Mr. Edmund Wilson or Mr. Kazin.

With all of his God-complex, Mr. DeVoto has never been so papal. Just how does he know what these men have heard of? I should think it likely that the late Vernon Parrington and the extremely learned Lewis Mumford, who have really inspired thought in America where DeVoto has merely done some inaccurate bookkeeping on it, have heard a great deal about Major Powell. I doubt their ever having made a habit of running to Father DeVoto and reporting to him everything they have heard.

But suppose none of them had heard of Powell. So, as under any of his pennames Mr. DeVoto would write, what? It is the job of all historians to revive forgotten men of importance. They do it daily and, because it *is* their job, none of them except DeVoto would ever wind up an historical report with "Look at me! How much smarter I am than any of you! You never heard of that! Yah, yah, yah!"

That's how the yahoos got their name.

While we are on Powell, let us note Mr. DeVoto's acknowledgment to Wallace Stegner "for checking my account of Powell." Why he should need Mr. Stegner for that task, which any child with the extensive account of Powell in the "Dictionary of American Biography" before him could do in ten minutes, is a puzzle. For Wallace Stegner, author of "On a Darkling Plain," "The Big Rock Candy Mountain," *et al.,* is already one of the most important novelists in America, an incomparably better writer than DeVoto, and a number of us go daily to the cathedral and pray that he will get out of Harvard, get away from all the cultural quacks like Mr. DeVoto, go back to Utah and Iowa, and put on the mantle of greatness that is awaiting him.

IT'S a dull pamphlet, this "The Literary Fallacy," and stumble-footed in style. On page 63 appears this example:

> "Literary climate" is a phrase of literary shorthand which stands for the moods and feelings and ideas of writers, the ways in which books are conceived and the daily excitements in which they are written, for literary associations, literary experience, the tones and shade and nuances and colorations of writers' minds in relation to their books and to literature in general—in short, for the whole sum of literary affect and effect.

The publishers' blurb says, "Mr. DeVoto makes his point with thoroughness, humor and truly brilliant phraseology." You can see that humor above, and the brilliance of the following must have brought the Indiana students right up out of their seats, cheering:

> It is not my finding but that of criticism itself that in its new occupations also it still finds frustration, that in fact it is not merely frustrated but ignominiously routed.

Thus powerfully does he show that the writers of the 1920's—say, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, George Kaufman, and James Branch Cabell—so lastingly corrupted our land as to have contaminated the entire 11,000,000 of our fighting forces today. Until he pointed it out, I didn't know we were that good.

—*Frances O'Brien Garfield*

Sinclair Lewis

ASIDE from its complaints about Mr. Brooks, the brochure contains two charges as specific and sensational as the remarks of a Senator who should reveal, "There are certain persons in a State which I shall not mention who have performed actions, or at least shown tendencies, that I can regard only as, if not sinister, then at least, beyond peradventure, pretty lousy." It is with this and no other courage and definiteness that Mr. DeVoto attacks his old literary buddies.

Says he on page 167—and don't forget the new rule is that Fool and Liar *must* be applied to writers who make dishonorable statements—"Never in any country or any age had writers so misrepresented their culture, never had they been so unanimously wrong (as in America in the 1920's). Never had writers been so completely separated from the experiences that alone give life and validity to literature."

Just whom do you mean, Mr. DeVoto? Do you mean Hart Crane or Dreiser or Miss Glasgow or Edgar Guest? Surely even you can't be such an undeviating fool as to hint that *all* of the hundred or two hundred writers, including a second-rate hack-writer of fiction named Bernard Augustine DeVoto, were so precisely alike as to be "unanimous" about *all* great spiritual issues from 1920 to 1930? If you don't mean a hundred, or seventy-five, or fifty, whom do you mean? Just those whom you mention? You don't mean Tarkington, Wilder, Sherwood Anderson, Hergesheimer, Ring Lardner or Elinor Wylie, then? Or are you too important, too busy with pious thoughts of Van Wyck Brooks, to be interested in these last at all? For a Visiting Professor, who considers his lectures important enough to be preserved in a book, instead of just sighing and burning them up like the rest of us, you are rather unclear, Mr. DeVoto.

If the people you indict are those whom you have mentioned, let's hear more of them. Exactly what are the valid experiences that they have been so "completely separated from"?

From loving a red-headed girl, or being a grandmother, or serving in the navy, or committing a crime, or being converted to Episcopalianism, of reading Bernard DeVoto—which can be quite an experience, sometimes, I assure you. And just which writers lacked just which experiences?

You mean to say that you know all of this, Benny? You know what Waldo Frank thinks about war and God? You know the intimate family relationships, so revelatory of their philosophy, and the neighborhood friendships of Mencken and Jeffers and Mumford and Dos Passos?

If you don't, then you are a nebulous liar. If you do, for Heaven's sake write out all that rich stuff instead of a piffling little pocket-book about how much smarter than Van Wyck Brooks you are.

It is astonishing that, though he was bouncingly with us in the lethal

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twenties, DeVoto never saw how bad we were. Oh, he was there. There is no reason why any reader should remember them or even be able to give their titles, but he did publish novels in 1924, 1926, and 1928. He didn't notice then that most of his colleagues were assassins. In fact, it has taken him fourteen years to notice it.

I wonder if he could have been aroused from his sinful ignorance by the evangelical Mr. Archibald MacLeish who, for about ten minutes, took charge of the press of America and explained that he had to save our youth from the evil medicine we had brewed in the twenties.

MacLeish's doctrine was rather insulting to the millions of Americans whom he pictured as being so feebleminded that we could utterly ruin them merely by saying that we considered service club luncheons and Americans on the Riviera dull. In other decades a like charge of infidelity has been attached to many other writers, to Dickens, Zola, Hawthorne, Tom Paine, and the Mark Twain who, unfortunately for his future reputation, has now been taken over by Mr. Bernard DeVoto as executor.

Just as fair—and just as unprovable—an assertion would be that the major writers of the twenties, men who so loved their country that they were willing to report its transient dangers and stupidities, have been as valuable an influence as America has ever known. DeVoto shouldn't have been so innocent as to take his doctrine from MacLeish who, through a large part of the beleagured twenties, was living in France and reading T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound.

MR. DEVOTO feels a good deal of agony over the inconsistencies of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, which appear to be very much like the inconsistencies of Mr. DeVoto who, in "Minority Report," published only four years ago, so warmly liked some of the writers he now finds vile or watery that he rebuked other critics for underrating them. He scolds Mr. Brooks for not writing about Francis Parkman as Mr. DeVoto would have written, and presents a sample of his own method, which sounds very much like what Mr. John Fiske actually did write on that subject long ago.

Constantly busy with Brooks though Benny is, lately he has also been busy with writing a novel of his own. It is called "The Woman in the Picture,"* and it was published only about a month before "The Literary Fallacy," and by the same firm.

*THE WOMAN IN THE PICTURE. By John August. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1944. 265 pp. $2.50.

Not that "The Woman in the Picture" is signed by Mr. DeVoto. Certainly not. It is signed with his penname, "John August," and a damn silly pen-name it is, too. "Sardanapalus September" would have been much more convincing.

Its scholarly and strictly non-commercial publishers say of "The Woman in the Picture": "Sophisticated romance and fast-moving adventure make this as exciting a tale as the author's last novel, 'Advance Agent.' No more need be said."

Oh yes, Messrs. Little, Brown, a lot more need be said.

In "The Woman in the Picture," Mr. Bernard DeAugust shows his belief in the people of these United States by depicting us as so dumb, softheaded, and ill-governed, with such idiotic police and F.B.I. and army and navy intelligence, that in the summer of 1942 a villain right out of the movies, one of these cold-eyed and non-alcoholic power-maniacs, was, with only half a dozen other plotters, going to take over and destroy our democracy.

The only thing that saved us was a liberal journalist, equally good at economic theorizing and at eye-gouging, assisted by an intellectual comic relief, who shows his training in Pareto and Emerson by constantly speaking with such humor as this: "You better buy a four-leaf clover. Yeah, get an asking price on rabbit's feet, too. So now what?"

Serious literature, Mr. DeVoto.

The hero has to drive the heroine halfway across the country, spending most of his time peeping at her bare legs and bosom, as enthusiastically reported by Mr. DeAugust, with a ten-year-old, behind-the-barn eroticism which has now been discarded by most of the pulps. There is also in the story the standard *B*-picture equipment of aeroplanes, automatic revolvers, telegraph codes, and gentlemen constantly getting themselves tied to logs, box-cars, telegraph poles, automobiles, Rocky Mountains, fences, statues of Ole Bull, coincidences, and lapses in the plot. But no cord can hold these guys, not when a serious writer who knows all about the literature of geology is creating 'em!

I wonder how much Visiting Professor DeVoto told the students at the University of Indiana about John August and his ideals and methods of work and his blessed freedom from any influence by Van Wyck Brooks? I hope he wasn't ashamed of John August; I hope he didn't keep silent about his jolly yarn, "The Woman Who Will Be Sold to the Pictures." Because in originality, in lucidity, in decent humanness it is much better fiction than "The Literary Fallacy."

ON pages 170-2 of "The Literary Fallacy," Mr. DeVoto promises the dawn:

> There is a haste of literary people to exalt democracy, to exult in the native grain. . . . The American writer . . . has undertaken to recreate his personality with the proper proportions of Daniel Boone and Walt Whitman. His eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord. O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain, he sings with a loving and compassionate heart. . . . Books will continue to be written by writers. [Extraordinary! S. L.] They will faithfully present the ideas and emotions of writers. When those ideas and emotions chance to be true or great, books will be true and great. When they chance to be childish or frivolous or silly, books will correspond.

And with that, Mr. DeVoto yanks off the priestly robe, puts on a Hollywood jacket, and finishes "The Woman in the Picture," the most childish, frivolous, and silly dime-novel, the most lacking in any beautiful for spacious skies, the least perceptive of the coming of the Lord, the most recreated with the proportions of Tarzan and MGM, that I have read for years.

Is he a liar? Perhaps not unintentionally. And fool? It is he who writes himself down a fool. And I quote again his, "Literature cannot be permitted folly and lying and when they appear in it they must be labeled and denounced."

Yet Mr. DeVoto is a fool of cleverness, not of malice. He really has done all the bumptious monkey-tricks I ascribe to him, yet at heart he loves books and streets and laboratories, he wants to be liked, and lets his glibness run away with him. Can't you be a good boy, Benny, and stop yelling "Liar!" at your little playmates? You see, they might answer you—more and more of them might answer you, Benny.

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Almanac for Spring Reading

Some Highlights of the New Season

AMY LOVEMAN

April 17

"The Land Divided" (Knopf), by Gerstle Mack, reviews some colorful episodes of history in its chronicle of the Panama Canal and other isthmian projects. . . . Dalamatia, despite war and war's alarms, still retains an idyllic aspect in István Tamás's romantic and melodramatic novel, "The Students of Spalato" (Dutton). . . . In Lion Feuchtwanger's "Simone" (Viking) a modern Joan of Arc, credibly and touchingly portrayed, attempts to lead her countrymen from under the heel of the invader. . . . Robert Nathan uses a pleasing love story as the springboard to his novel in verse, "Morning in Iowa" (Knopf), depicting the flinging of the American frontier westward. . . . Now one of the editors of *Time,* Mark Gayn has lived a large part of his life in China, interesting years which he describes interestingly in his autobiography "Journey from the East" (Knopf).

April 18

Garet Garrett, veteran writer on finance and contributor to *The Saturday Evening Post,* discusses the shape of things to come in "A Time Is Born" (Pantheon Press). . . . "Cross-section" (Fischer), edited by Edwin Seaver, should prove an invaluable quarry of new talent for publishers who can find in its many page stories, verse, and critical essays by a host of new and little-known authors. . . . In "The Use of Presidential Power" (Little, Brown) George Fort Milton follows the course of executive action from the time of the first Presidents to the present, enlivening his chronicle with vivid pen-portraits of the executives.

April 19

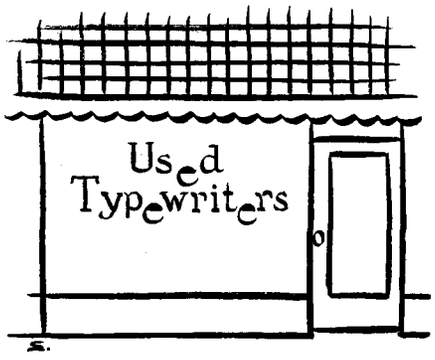
Teachers and others interested in the problems of education will find food for thought in three books issued by Harpers, "Who Shall Be Educated?" by W. Lloyd Warner, Robert J. Havighurst and Martin B. Loeb; "School and Church: The American Way," by Conrad Henry Moehlman and "The Role of Higher Education in War and After," by J. Hillis Miller and Dorothy V. N. Brooks. . . . Martha Albrand takes the daughter of a Prussian officer and Junker as central character in her novel, "Endure No Longer" (Little, Brown), which depicts the confusion and stress of Germany in the years following the First World War. . . . Harper "finds" a new novelist in Mac Gardner whose "Mom Counted Six" entertainingly depicts family life in a small Western town. . . . E. Louise Mally's "The Mocking Bird Is Singing" (Holt), as one would expect from the title, plays in the South, in New Orleans and Texas in the sixties and seventies, where it depicts life and people with more than average insight. . . . "Nothing as Before" (Harpers), by Dorothy Sparks, tells the tale of a peaceful community split and demoralized by the venom and suspicion engendered by an ugly murder. . . . "Yankee from Olympus: A Biography of the Holmes Family" (Little, Brown), by Catherine Drinker Bowen, provides some of the most interesting reading of the season in its delightfully informed study of Chief Justice Holmes, his father the "Autocrat," and his grandfather the minister.

April 20

"To Whom It May Concern and Other Stories" (Vanguard) brings together a baker's dozen of new tales by James T. Farrell together with one which has already been published. . . . M. Somerset Maugham issues one of the most distinguished of his recent novels in "The Razor's Edge" (Doubleday, Doran) which depicts the spiritual odyssey of a man from youth to age. . . . Carlos Bulosan's "The Laughter of My Father" (Harcourt, Brace) describes with tenderness yet humor the adventures which sometimes are dangerously close to chicanery of a Philippino and his friends and family.

April 21

Theodore Pratt has hit upon an original and interesting theme for a novel in "Thunder Mountain" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce) in which a family which has met in reunion on a Colorado mountain top is suddenly marooned from the rest of the world. . . . Baseball fans get their innings in Frank Graham's biography of "McGraw of the Giants" (Putnam). . . . What he thinks about America and its future is set down by Eric Johnston, President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, in "America Unlimited" (Doubleday, Doran).



April 24

"Understanding New Zealand" (Coward-McCann), to which Frederick L. W. Wood contributes in his book of that title, is something which every American would do well to attempt. . . . John T. Frederick, who certainly knows his region, has gathered together in "Out of the Midwest" (Whittlesey House) a collection of present-day writing by authors of that section.

April 25

Back from the war in Africa, Octavus Roy Cohen's hero in "Romance in the First Degree" (Macmillan) is straightway plunged into a murder mystery. . . . Herbert Best's "Young 'Un" (Macmillan), a historical novel playing in the Lake Champlain region, has something of the charm and character of books like "The Yearling" and "My Friend Flicka." . . . Hans Kohn's "The Idea of Nationalism" (Macmillan), a study of its origins and background, is a discussion of genuine vigor and inspiring character. . . . In "Into the Jaws of Death" (McBride), Michael Stern has brought together personal stories of the war.

April 26

Austria's capital in the years after the First World War forms the background of Victor White's "Peter Domanig: Morning in Vienna" (Bobbs-Merrill), the portrait of an adolescent at grips with his world. . . . The "Way Our People Lived" (Dutton), by W. E. Woodward, is packed full of fascinating and varied information about the manners, customs, and habits of the young American nation. . . . "The Fight Is Ending" (Lippincott), by James Ronald, has something of the Arnold Bennett type of portrayal of life in town and slum. . . . Constance Robertson, author of "Salute to the Hero," writes another historical tale in "Firebell in the Night" (Holt), a story of the Underground in pre-Civil War days.

April 27

"Enriquita and I" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Argentina Diaz Logano, has freshness and an exotic charm in its

(*Continued on page* 62)

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Salvador Dali as Writer

Surrealism Takes to the Typewriter

HAAKON M. CHEVALIER

SALVADOR DALI, who is best known for paintings in which the fantastic visions of an irrational consciousness are recorded with hallucinatory realism, and subjected to an esthetic-philosophic interpretation, has now turned to a new medium, that of the novel. History offers few examples of great painters who have achieved distinction in literature (much hinges, naturally, on the weight given to the terms "great" and "distinction"), but whatever controversy may rage around this work, I feel confident that it will be considered a remarkable achievement.

Of all present-day painters Dali is undoubtedly the one who tends most to strain the limits of his medium and particularly to conceive his works in the light of an integral cosmogony. He creates a world recognizably his own, with its own laws, its creatures, monsters, chimeras, and myths, a world of desolate mineral landscapes, century-old ruins, and blanched Spanish villages beneath skies of infinite aspiration, peopled with figures caught in expressions and postures of anguish or ecstasy, a world obsessively strewn with fetishistic objects—bedside tables, sometimes cut out of the plump flesh of nurses sitting on the seashore, fried eggs slithering down banisters, dripping telephones, kidneys, beans, limp watches, crutches, wrecked automobiles brimming with flowers—a world of metamorphoses in which phenomena are constantly subject to strange deformations, shapes and contours repeating one another in a dynamic imitative interplay. . . . It is not surprising that Dali was early led to express with words what paint could only suggest or illustrate, to give elaborate titles to some of his canvases, to write esthetic and philosophic treatises, to pour himself out in an autobiography, and now finally to give this world of his another dimension in the form of a novel.

I have often been asked, "Is Dali serious? Is he sincere? Isn't he just pulling the wool over people's eyes?" These are self-conscious questions that betray above all the fear of being taken in. There are several possible answers, but the best is surely to point to Dali's work, to its quality, its quantity, its variety, and its scope. Some of Dali's nightmarish conceptions appeal to me no more than they do to his most supercilious and rose-perfumed critics. Here the question of taste rears its well-groomed and hollow head. But I must confess I agree with Dali when he complains that in France and elsewhere the creative impulse has for a generation been dying of good taste. One of the healthy elements in Dali's work, as in that of some other modern painters, has been a vigorous, lusty reaction against "good taste." But for all his bad taste, his pranks, his buffooneries, Dali is a man whose mind and imagination and hands are always working. His is the creative touch which, in shaping a world of illusion, transforms the world of reality, so that through him we are enabled to see with different eyes. Every work of art effects a displacement of values, by virtue of which the universe appears altered and therefore in a sense new. This is a profound truth pertaining to the function of art which Proust brilliantly expressed, when he wrote of the paintings of Renoir, in his preface to Paul Morand's "Tendres Stocks," and it applies in a signal way to the work of Dali.

A more fundamental question concerns Dali's "modernity." His avowed effort to recapture the spirit and the technique of Raphael, Vermeer, and other classics, his passion for deep perspective, his hostility to some of the more sensational modern trends in painting, his nostalgia for the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, his war on the mechanical aspects of modern life, all seem to stamp him as anti-modern and "reactionary." This is too complicated a matter to go into here. I do wish to make the point, however, that as a progressive

I should never fear an artist's creative activity, convinced as I am that artistic creation is always on the side of life, never on the side of death, that there are elements of fertility in the most backward-looking artistic productions if they are not created in a complete social vacuum, which is rare.

Lest the above be misunderstood, especially by those who hold that art should and does serve a social function, let me add that I also believe this, as strongly as ever, since I recognize that art is, among other things, a cultural instrument. (I don't like the word "weapon" in a general esthetic formulation, though I recognize that, particularly in periods of crisis, specific works of art and, in a broader sense, art generally, are powerful factors in crystallizing ideas, in sharpening awareness, in nourishing and strengthening the will to fight. And in war, just as food, medicine, vital supplies may be weapons, so may art.) I believe also that a fascist country, or a country in which strong fascist elements exist, may produce a kind of fascist art—that is, in literature and the other representational arts, something that is "reactionary," anti-humanistic, or anti-progressive in content. To the degree, however, to which art is "pure" it clearly eludes the categories implied by such terms.

I BELIEVE also that art may be retrograde, as history has shown again and again: that there may be a regression from high levels of conceptual, inventive, or technical achievement. This question is extremely complicated and is linked, (a) with the relatively rare and unpredictable apparition of seminal minds, (b) with the sterilizing effect of certain traditions, conventions, or of the authority of certain "masters," (c) with the economic and prestigial inducements prevailing at given moments for art of a certain form and content, and (d) with political penalties that may likewise be imposed upon the latter. But I believe, on the other hand, that in a country like ours in which "free" art can and does exist, "fascist art," beyond the crudest poster or propaganda level, has no chance, and then only on a crude political level. Art that carries emotion exists, to that extent, as art and is to that extent positive. The world of art is not subject to the same necessities as the world of reality. And within this world, "fertility" and "sterility" seem to me more meaningful terms than those borrowed from political parlance.

In the case of Dali I feel that there is a still unresolved ambivalence, an

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SALVADOR DALI IN DALILAND

An Interpretation by SRL Woodcut Artist Frances O'Brien Garfield

Key for the Reader: The water is the Unconscious. The raft is Dali's intuition which carries the Persona (Mask) supported by a Primordial Image (Skeleton). (Jung defines Persona as "a compromise between the individual and society, based on that which one appears to be.") Out of the water (Unconscious) rises the Anima, archetypal figure of the "soul-image," symbolizing the contrasexual portion of the psyche. She appears in her dual aspects of light Anima and dark. The light Anima bestows fertility, love, wisdom; the dark Anima brings destruction, lust, and hatred. The Skeleton seizes the dark Anima in behalf of the Persona, which is haloed with a crown of egotism. Dali journeys into the Unconscious, bringing back material to be dedicated to the Persona, with all its attendant sensationalism, rather than to the Muse.

The regressive flow of Dali's libido towards infancy, the longing of the child for the mother's protection and the infant's imprisonment in the collective unconscious are symbolized by the baby carriage. It hangs from a tree, which is a mother symbol. Nursery lore describes what usually happens to baby on the tree top.

In the sky shines the crescent moon, symbol of Hecate, the dark Goddess. Her light being insufficient, it must be augmented by the candle.—F. O'B. G.

effort to tap sources of vitality both in the past and in the future which is still in an exploratory phase. But that this twin aspiration is genuine, that it corresponds to a deep and organic feeling for synthesis, I believe there can be no doubt.

* * *

"Hidden Faces"—Dali's forthcoming novel—is among other things an epitaph of pre-war Europe. It is in the tradition of Petronius's "Satyricon," of Boccaccio's "Decameron," and Huysmans's "A Rebours." In some respects it recalls Robert Briffault's "Europa." It is primarily a novel of decadence. Its basic theme is love-in-death: a treatment in modern dress of the old and perennial Tristan and Isolde myth. Nothing gives greater intensity to love than the imminence of death, and nothing gives greater poignancy to death than its irremediable severing of the bonds of love. This is one of the great themes of literature and by no means a decadent one. It becomes decadent when, instead of constituting the tragic antinomy of the human predicament, love and death conspire to achieve a tragic quietus of frustration and perversion.

This central story is woven into the larger framework of the fall of France, the German occupation and, dipping into the future, France's eventual liberation. While Dali's essential subject —here as in his canvases—is the disintegration of modern European (or Western) man, there are always in his works two motifs, that are dialectical counterparts. He calls these "death and resurrection." And this secondary but pervasive theme of new life emerging out of decay and destruction runs through the whole novel, and it is symbolized from the first page to the last by the forest of cork-oaks in the illuminated plain of Creux de Libreux that pushes forth its tender yellow-green shoots every spring and that plays a role in the novel almost comparable to that of the chorus in a Greek tragedy.

What has been said above is enough to suggest that the novel is ambitiously conceived. I confess that I was somewhat sceptical when, last September, I received an excited letter from Dali in his usual chaotic scrawl and deciphered it to mean that he was hard at work on a novel. His "Secret Life," whatever may be one's reservations, was a considerable literary feat. But an autobiography, by its very nature, makes far fewer demands upon the writer and, besides, in writing about himself Dali was completely in his own element. How would he meet the formal demands of a medium which is purely literary, however elastic its conventions, and in which his gifts of visual imagination could at best only be secondary assets?

I joined Dali and Gala in their mountain retreat in New Hampshire, read the first long chapter which he had completed, heard him expound his ideas about the novel, and was impressed. I had known Dali the painter and Dali the solipsist; now

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I was learning to know Dali the novelist.

The painter creates a fictive world in terms of space. The novelist creates a fictive world in terms of time. In working with Dali on this novel I have learned a good deal about the creative process. For one thing, the relationship in art between conception and medium has become clearer to me than ever. Unquestionably the immediate impact of a novel is that of something *written*. But more fundamentally a novel is a fiction in which characters evolve through a series of dramatic circumstances. What astonished me was to find Dali wholly preoccupied now with problems of character, situation, dramatic intensity—concerned with how Balzac, Stendhal, Cervantes had handled a particular kind of problem—to find his mind moving in a wholly different realm. I was surprised, too, to find that after having finished that first chapter the whole novel was sharp and clear in his mind and that most of the scenes were worked out in detail long before they were written. Dali's novel, when one confronts it with his other works, affords a fascinating instance of the integral nature, the inner coherence of the creative mind. For this piece of literary fiction, as I said at the beginning, does but give another dimension to the world of Dali's imagination already projected in his painting. There is the same realism in the depicting of character and physical setting, the same eerie atmosphere—the same minuteness of detail, the same inventiveness and playfulness, the same abundance of rich, daring, and sometimes lurid color, the same perverse reveling in the "gamy" side of life.

There are artists who find adequate outlet for their creative urge in the realm of color and form, others who find it in the realm of sound, still others in the rhythm, the images, the evocations of words. Relatively few, especially in our age of specialization, find themselves powerfully drawn toward several of these outlets. Dali, who has already established himself as a pictorial artist, who has experimented with motion pictures, composed ballets, designed jewelry, and been a great inventor of "objects," who now announces his intention of doing an opera—score, libretto, staging, and direction—is beyond a doubt one of the most versatile artists of our age.

"Hidden Faces" is Dali's *blitzkrieg* on the literary front.

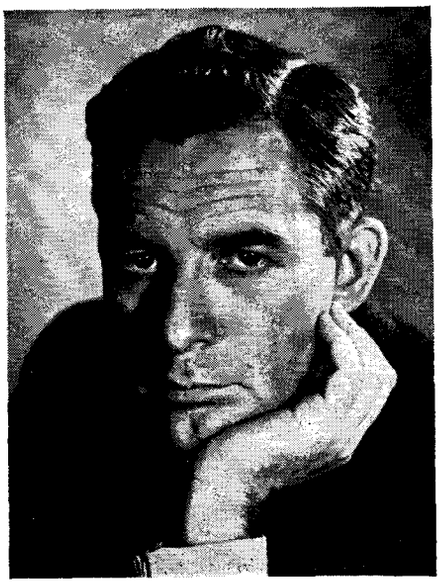
Haakon Chevalier is the translator of "The Secret Life of Salvador Dali" and of Dali's forthcoming first novel, "Hidden Faces," to be published by The Dial Press.

Strictly Personal...

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Strictly Personal" is a new* SRL *department to be conducted alternately by Philip Wylie, Elmer Rice, Paul Henry Lang, Jonathan Daniels, and David L. Cohn.*

WHEN M-Day came to Washington the intellectuo-liberals who had been helping to form and to articulate administration policy were transferred to the task of telling about the war. Even granting they have botched up much of the job, the conservatives, who oppose them with such foam-flecked fury, do not understand the reason for the failure and might conceivably have done much worse. That is, the conservatives think of the liberals as ragged reds bent on wrecking capitalism; and the conservatives, had they been in power, might have contrived an American version of the error ubiquitous in Europe: there might have been no lend-lease, no destroyers for England, no early draft, and we might even now be standing alone against an Axis that held the globe in tortured fiefery.

The intellectuals and liberals were not reds at all. Good families had bred them. They talked Harvardese and pure New Haven. They were as tweedy and ate as many crepes suzette as any party line Republican. Many of them were medalled heroes of the last war. They had gone to Washington with the New Deal because they possessed a certain virtue, a democratic necessity—the feeling of personal responsibility for the nation's welfare. Through the days of shut banks, bread lines, bonus marchers—the days of grey panic—they worked so hard and so successfully that the nation recovered from its self-inflicted economic wounds and even the conservatives went on a long "honeymoon" with them. It was an historic accomplishment; the liberals and intellectuals saved the sum of things—for low pay.



Philip Wylie

To them, Pearl Harbor introduced another, similar crisis. They met it with the loyal and reasoned goodwill which, thitherto, had consistently banished dilemma. Simply put, their task was to crystallize the willpower of America and turn it against the enemy. The chore was manifest: peacetime USA is always superficially divided; war requires unity. Hence the quality and quantity of current internal dissension is the measure of their failure. It is the measure of psychic energy which was not oriented against the foe—not mustered into the spiritual ranks—but left unticketed to fight with the neighbors. There is too much of this loose wrath on the home front—in Congress, and even in the services.

Since neither the intellectuals nor their opponents understand the reason for it, both "sides" are still engaged in a meaningless verbal and written brawl which adds one more element to the unled discomfiture of the times. The intellectuals foresaw the war. Isolationists did not. But the intellectuals were men of peace, even though they were the better informed. That last is the crux of the affair. Their heads were full of twenty years of varied anti-war doctrine. They had partaken of humanism. Some of them had contributed to the literature heaped up against the munitions-makers—a galaxy of writing which had tried to show that war is a special industry, not a familiar human catastrophe. Others had helped to frame the graphic peace advertisements which, for years, had logically and dramatically pointed to the waste and mania of fighting. Still others had taken the published view that warfare was a continuation of political or economic rivalry and therefore avoidable through the proper manipulation of politics and trade (though they had never agreed on what was proper). Finally, all of these brave, decent gentlemen had been steeped in the melancholy literature which appeared after the last war. Indeed, several of the wizards in charge of war information in Washington had made brilliant contributions to that literature.

These men, then, undertook to fire

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the purpose of the whole country, to write battle-speeches for the nation's officials, to describe enemies who, in truth, were far deadlier than the foe—figments of domestic prejudice, to ride down the years of careful Nazi propaganda in America, and in general to whet the psychic sword. Their opponents, I repeat, considered them to be allied with the greediest purposes of the lowest classes. Actually—and here is the irony of the still-continuing debates—they were too much gentlemen in the literal sense—too haughty, too ascetic, too highly lifted above common things. They could not write effectively about war and they could not set others writing effectively about it because they protected their wishful (and logical) "ideals"—automatically and with the same cold passion by which many businessmen endeavored to save their goods and profits through the espousal of isolationism. Both groups were dreamers—fools, if you prefer.

FOR war comes. Humanity, as Asher Byrnes has pointed out, has spent ten times as many years at war as in peace. It is the same degree of illusion to be a pacifist as it is to be an isolationist; he who loves man cannot sensibly think about peace only, excepting in the form of far-off hope—excepting in the way he loves perfection. War, moreover, is irrational. It is joined emotionally. Those inexpressible feelings which represent values are involved by it. The logician has nothing more to contribute to it save logistics. And, since war focuses the feelings of the whole people upon one objective (or should so focus them) no pure intellectual can be its spiritual leader, but only a man who also understands the irrational aspects of human beings. War, that is to say, is corny. He who does not understand sentiment and sentimentality cannot express war values for the multitudes. Emotion itself is required—and emotion is conflict.

Shortly after the fall of Bataan, the head of a vast corporation, accompanied by the president of his advertising agency, waited upon one of the several liberal intellectuals to whom the direction of the nation's war psychology had been entrusted. Somehow—perhaps through their elaborate commercial contracts—the two businessmen had found out a good deal about the torture of Americans by the Japs—a circumstance which has only recently been made public. The brace of businessmen breathed fire; they wanted the President to go on the air that very night to tell America the grisly facts. It was their idea that the people were not yet in a fighting mood and that such a message would waken them to the reality of the coming ordeal. But the Government's man demurred on the grounds that the horrid information was not specific enough or authentic enough and on the grounds that it would make the people "too mad." Most of all, he anxiously feared that it would make people hate. He was against hate. "If I thought," he later said, "that Americans had to fight for emotional reasons and would not fight out of intelligent conviction, I would give up my present position." Needless to say, the two righteously angry men went away baffled.

It is difficult—impossible—to remember a war joined for an abstraction and waged in a mood of placid logic. That, however, was the hope and the true expectation of many intellectuals.

Again, a few months later, the advertising business voluntarily produced a campaign for those war-busy clients who no longer had consumer goods to sell. It was a newspaper and magazine campaign—aimed at the heart of a public the advertisers well knew. Drawings, slogans, and pictures came down to Washington for okeh. They were sentimental advertisements. Ads calculated to make the plain man feel proud of himself on the home front: "No medals for John Doe," one said. And candid advertisements of the atrociousness of the Nazi and the Jap—clear, blazing, unmistakable. Ads for America, as the common people know it. Corny, wonderful ads. The liberals looked at them and shook their heads uncomprehendingly. There was no message to the mind here. No premise. No argument. No Q. E. D. Just redhot blister. So the campaign was shelved.

People began to read, "They Were Expendable," and, "See Here, Private Hargrove." War was dramatic attack, miraculous survival, incessant heroism. Or war was one long laugh. You could let the boys take care of the enemy; there wasn't much need for civilian emotion about the battlefronts. The thing to get emotional about was the home front—the idiot gas rationing, the commanding and countermanding of OCD, the insane changing of the draft rules every week or so, the hysterical dimout in a land that couldn't be bombed, the discomfort of travel, the frenetic folly of the new tax laws, the bureaucracy, the whole ruinous roar of domestic dubiety. A dynamic, willing expectancy of hard duty was buried in the blizzard of policy debate.

The psychological war had been lost. Angers and energies that should have been channeled upon the enemy smashed into witless fragments; large minorities became contentious with each other over the very issues upon which the global fight was joined: liberty, democracy, equality, fraternity. Too many people went to work for money; too few out of pride and a sense of preserving that for which all of us stand. Too many soldiers went away to fight for the privilege of coming home; too few to fight as conscious symbols of the individual dignity of each man and woman and child here and everywhere.

Battle, however necessary for the physical maintenance of ideals, is a brainless business. Intellectuals could not decerebrate themselves and wade into it. The people needed strong drink; they got ice water. They needed the principle of freedom, served without a chaser; they got four particularized freedoms. They needed fighting words; they were given a prospectus of post-war literature. This august psychological blunder will make a plain page in history. The shape in which we survive will be a measure of our souls—not of the intellectual chastity of American liberalism. Meanwhile, it is a muddy, mixed-up war—of people who don't know enough, led by people who thought they knew everything.

PHILIP WYLIE.

". . . . and this is my victory garden."

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What's Wrong with Scholars?

MARJORIE NICOLSON

National President, United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa

WE scholars are chiefly to blame for the popular disparagement of scholarship. I say this with reluctance, for, having lived most of my life among scholars, I have both respect and affection for the guild. Of all the noble armies of martyrs, they are less understood than any other group—except the missionaries! "No kind of men love their business for itself but such as are learned," said Bacon.

Some scholars are made, others are born. In both cases, they enter upon scholarship knowing that it will never lead to wealth or fame, as the world knows fame. Even the young neophyte is well aware that he is beaten before he starts. Alone among professional writers, scholars accept the fact that they will not be paid for their books. A novelist or poet, starving in his garret, may hope to become a best-seller; the scholar never dreams of such a possibility. If a university press or learned journal will publish his works, he will be glad to pay for the offprints. Like Milton's Satan, he is uplifted beyond hope—and also beyond despair!

If, before I blame the scholar, I try to make a case for him, it is because I know that unrecognized scholars in America are writing important books which posterity will acclaim, yet they are finding the utmost difficulty in marketing their wares. Commercial publishers are inclined to refuse scholarly works, often after most cursory examination. When challenged after the event—when a work of scholarship has proved its importance—they are likely to explain, either apologetically or belligerently, that they had thought this "only another thesis." Like most book reviewers, commercial publishers are suspicious of "scholarship."

Let us face the fact that there is some reason for their suspicion, their tendency to condemn the good with the bad. The chief trouble with scholarly books is that too many scholars are not good writers. Their research is sound, their findings often valuable and significant. Yet for one scholarly work which can be read with pleasure and profit by the intelligent general reader, there are a half-dozen which he cannot and will not read. In this respect, there is a great difference between scholarly writing in Great Britain and in the United States. My own belief is that American "research" is superior to British; in the fields I know best, I think that Americans as a group have, during the last half-century, added more cubits to the stature of truth than have the British. But the general level of British scholarly writing is much higher than the American level. British novelists, essayists, critics, too, usually seem to me to surpass their American colleagues in ease and grace of expression, in the "sweet falling of the clauses," in what we used to call "structure and style."

The difference goes back, of course, in part to the difference in education in the two countries, particularly education at the lower levels. At least in those days when Oxford and Cambridge drew their students largely from the "public schools," they could and did presuppose that the average undergraduate could write English acceptably—a utopian condition seldom presupposed by an American college or university. The American teacher of freshman composition is fully aware that the average American undergraduate has no such sense of "structure" and no such respect for "style" as had the average British undergraduate, at least down to the period of the First World War. There is no more depressing commentary upon the American educational system than may be found in books for freshman composition which annually pour fourth from educational presses. They show that our colleges are attempting an almost impossible task in trying to correct bad habit patterns at a time of life when it is usually too late.

THE graduate schools blame the undergraduate colleges for the low level of writing of many students; college instructors blame the high schools; the high schools in turn insist that the fault lies with the elementary schools. I suppose that, faced with this ultimate responsibility, the elementary schools attribute their difficulties to Infant Damnation! Yet we who teach in graduate schools and are finally responsible for what we call "scholarly training" cannot easily slough off the responsibility for permitting scholarly writing in American to be as undistinguished as it is. If many American undergraduates have never learned to write well, others who come to us, whether by nature or art, write very well indeed. Yet during their experience in graduate schools, and particularly while they are engaged upon "dissertations," a blight seems to set-

—From a drawing by S. J. Woolf. Courtesy of The New York Times.

Marjorie Nicolson

tle upon them, and they develop the "thesis style"—a ponderous and pontifical, yet amorphous manner of writing, marked by circumlocution, reservation, qualification, over-documentation: "Reeling and Writhing and Fainting in Coils!" In vain do many directors protest; the candidate seems grimly determined that his "thesis style" shall be as different as possible from his own natural style of writing. He is persuaded that, under no circumstances, should the "thesis style" be a "literary style."

I have argued the matter with doctoral candidates in different institutions who, I happened to know, wrote well, yet whose dissertations were tending to become weary, stale, flat, unprofitable. No matter what I said, I could not persuade them. "Why," one of them exclaimed in tones of outrage, "what you're talking about wouldn't be a *thesis;* it would be a *book!*" There you have it in a nutshell. In vain do we cite examples of some scholars who write books—and good ones. Over the shoulders of these scholars, doctoral candidates seem to see a ghostly pageant of pedantic final examiners, shaking their gory locks, and uttering "forty-nine distinct damnations" if they happen upon a dissertation which they might read with appalling pleasure.

While I know well enough that many scholars today have no patience with this idea that a *thesis* must never be a *book,* I must acknowledge that this inherited belief of students (and it is inherited from generation to generation in graduate schools), has its basis in actuality. For some years it was a dominant attitude, and even now it is breaking down very slowly, though breaking it is. Perhaps it may break down more rapidly if we under-

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stand how it came about, and how scholarship got this way.

Behind this belief, shared by students, publishers, reviewers, that a "scholarly" style is antithetic to a "literary" style, lies a long controversy. While the issue was not new in the seventeenth century, it became particularly acute at that time, and positions held three centuries ago have conditioned modern scholars more than they realize. In that century of controversies, not the least violent controversy had to do with style in writing. Men divided themselves into passionate camps. Within the fold of professed rhetoricians were some who defended the "grand style," some who opposed it; there were those who wished to continue as models the Ciceronianism of the orations; others who wished to replace the oratorical style by the Ciceronianism of the essays—the simple style. Even more than from within, *rhetoric* was attacked from without the fold. In the churches, the formal and stylized language which many felt the only fitting "Sabbath" language was opposed by preachers (often, though not always, Puritans), who believed that *eloquentia* stood in the way of *doctrina*, that lofty rhetoric in the church was insincere, clouding the bright countenance of truth. Away with eloquence, adornment, rhetoric; put in its place the real language of real men, speaking from the heart.

Still more important for our present dilemma was the attitude of another group of men who opposed eloquence and oratory for different ends. Francis Bacon was one of the many who warned "science" (though his word *scientia* still kept its broader meaning) against the kind of "delicate learning" which expressed itself in "vain affectations of style." To the "affectionate study of eloquence" he opposed more important matters: "weight of matter, worth of subject, soundness of argument." "Here, therefore, is the first distemper of learning," declared Bacon, "when men study words and not matter." *Matter* is important; words—style, rhetorical embellishment—these are not only unimportant, but they may actually stand in the way of the dissemination of *truth*. It is one of the ironies of literary history that the lord of language and great stylist should have uttered his condemnation of rhetoric in one of the loveliest of all rhetorical passages, linked sweetness long drawn out.

The Cartesian philosophy joined with the Baconian. More drastically than Bacon, Descartes inveighed against the scholarship of the past. Emphatically he insisted that the criteria of *truth* are lucidity, clarity, geometrical plainness. One classic expression of the fusion of the Baconian and Cartesian ideas is to be found in a passage in Bishop Sprat's "History of the Royal Society," written in the early Restoration years. The "scientists," fearing that *eloquence* and *rhetoric* were opposing *truth*, self-consciously adopted a program aimed against "this vicious abundance of phrase, this trick of metaphor, this volubility of tongue, which makes so great a noise in the world." Against the "amplifications, digressions, and swellings of style," they established their program for *scientia*—whether you wish to translate that word as *learning* or *science*:

> They have exacted from all their members a close, naked, natural way of speaking; positive expressions, clear senses, a native easiness; bringing all things as near the mathematical plainness as they can; and preferring the language of artisans, countrymen, and merchants, before that of wits and scholars.

As a result of the attacks by these groups and others, English style gained something and lost much. It lost the adornment, intricacy, sonorousness, eloquence of Sir Thomas Browne; it gained, for a time, the precision, clarity, lucidity of Dryden, Addison, Swift, Pope. Had the language of *scientia* continued to follow the spirit of the program laid down by the Royal Society, the present situation might have been very different, for clarity, lucidity, and mathematical plainness are great qualities in writing. But the "scientists"—and here I use the word in its limited modern sense—forgot the spirit and remembered the letter. From this time forth "scientific" writing separated itself sharply from "literary" writing. More than any other group of "learned men," the scientists drastically separated *truth* from *eloquence*. So far has the cleavage gone, indeed, that among the scientists there is even more distrust than in other fields of scholarship for the "soundness" of any man among them who labors to write well.

Yet let us pluck out the beam from our own eye rather than the mote from our brother's. We scholars in literary fields are no less culpable, and our fault is less excusable. In the days when the scientists were first breaking away from style in writing, let us notice that "scholars" in general were still associated in the minds of the Fellows of the Royal Society with "wits"—that is, poets and other pro-

(*Continued on page* 60)

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

UPON THE TRACING OF FOOTPRINTS BY SHERLOCK HOLMES

This week's quiz is designed chiefly for members and would-be members of the Baker Street Irregulars. Early in the Sacred Writings we learn that Sherlock Holmes is the author of a monograph upon the tracing of footprints. Here we have ten examples of his proficiency in that art. Do you remember the title of each story? Allowing 10 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 70.

1. From examination of footprints in the dust of an uninhabited house in Lauriston Gardens, off the Brixton Road, and vicinity, Holmes deduced that the murderer was more than six feet high, had small feet for his height, wore coarse square-toed boots, and had arrived at the scene in a four-wheeled cab drawn by a horse with three old shoes and a new one on his off fore-leg.

2. Small naked footprints in the dust of an attic in Pondicherry Lodge were later traced through London with the aid of a mongrel whose specialty was following the scent of creosote.

3. "The murderer is a tall man, left-handed, limps with the right leg, wears thick-soled shooting boots and a gray cloak, smokes Indian cigars, uses a cigar holder, and carries a blunt pen-knife in his pocket."

4. Footprints in the snow of a barefooted man and a booted man revealed the real thief of one of the most precious public possessions of the empire.

5. In what story did Sherlock find the footprints of a murderess in the cigaret ashes that he had purposely sprinkled on a carpet?

6. Following the footprints of a horse led to the solution of a theft and a murder.

7. "I am familiar with forty-two different impressions left by tires." In what story did Holmes make this statement and demonstrate his knowledge?

8. "I followed you." "I saw no one." "That is what you may expect to see when I follow you." The reason was, of course, that Holmes followed the footprints. In what story?

9. A folded dry towel amid footprints on a beach erroneously led Holmes to the conclusion that a bather had not bathed.

10. From its footprints in a room and on a curtain, Holmes was able to describe the dimensions and appetites of a strange animal, although he could not identify it.

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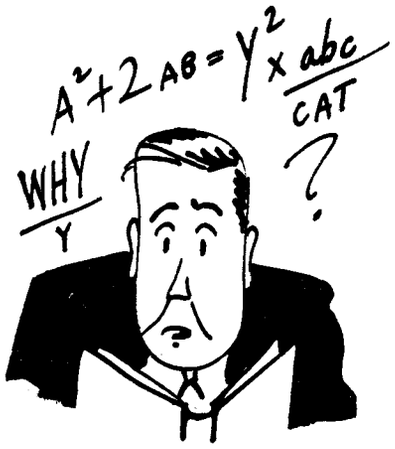
Some Figures for Philosophers

THE EDUCATION OF T. C. MITS (The Celebrated Man in the Street). By Hugh Gray and Lillian R. Lieber. New York: W. W. Norton. 1944. 229 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THIS work was delivered to the judgment of this reviewer because, in the Editors' estimation (and his own), he knows less about mathematics and is more afraid of the science than any one else in the world. The mere presence of an equation on a page produces feverish symptoms. He is allergic to plus and minus. Yet at the same time there is a formless fascination resident for him in these horrors. So a hay-fever sufferer may be drawn by the beauty. He wonders obscurely about the enigmas of quintics and cycloid curves, and a word like topology troubles the shallow waters of his mind to little purpose. He is quite obviously the beast whom the authors' hunt had in view. It does not comfort him to know it. But this admitted, he will now expatiate.

The book is one of those comparatively rare specimens of which it may be said that you agree with the sentiments on the dust-jacket after finishing it. There are pretty heavy guns on this dust-jacket and all of them hit. Doctor Einstein, Professor Keyser, and Professor Bell have spent their lives simplifying difficult complexities and are proper persons to pass on the remarkable merits of the performance. The reviewer is perfectly disposed to tag along with them for once. In his sight the principal defect of the work is a kind of "pedagogical archness" implicit in the title and occasionally to be noted in the presentation, but this is a trifling matter and does not detract in any way from a remarkably successful attempt to exhibit the nature of mathematical thinking and its value for ordinary human beings. The book reminds one of another which Mr. and Mrs. Lieber rightly admire, "Mathematics and the Imagination," by Professor Kasner and Doctor Newman. In spirit the two works have much in common, but the methods are not the same. Professor Kasner and Doctor Newman, with wonderful wit and charm, made the whole terrifying field intelligible, or at least persuaded the reader that intelligible it could be. Mr. and Mrs. Lieber are content to argue from a few striking instances which illustrate the advantages of self-consistent thought and the dangers of cogitating on the basis of assumptions which aren't so axiomatic as they look. They have done their job so well that the reviewer believes he understood in the proper sense every bloody word of their argument. Given his aptitudes and attitudes, he can think of no higher compliment. The reviewer further thinks that others will follow it with the same interest and no greater difficulty. His sufferings were not intense at any point, but even with such excellent guides, Euclid's observation about the highway system in this region still holds.



It has been repeatedly pointed out that the hateful thing about mathematics is that it is clear and precise. And a thousand cynics have noticed that this is abhorrent to the mind. As Lamb would have put it (and very likely did), is one to be permitted no aberrancy, no congenial inaccuracy, no comfortable latitude? The brutal reply to the innocent question is churlishly negative. We shrink back hopelessly aware that the fuzzy, makeshift, confused medley of memory and predilection which we are too apt to call thought isn't up to difficulties which would not be so very difficult, if we brought to their consideration something more than a few truisms learned by rote with a view to hurdling the barriers of college entrance examinations. For nine American university men out of ten those routine truisms, "remembered but not comprehended," are mathematics. It is a pity, for the incapacity to apply mathematics where it is applicable is connected with the origins of a great deal of human silliness.

However, being a conventional man the reviewer must utter the obvious. He is not entirely certain that to think mathematically will always enable us to pick up the clue of Ariadne at will in any given labyrinth, as is almost said by the authors. The invariant might cease to be an invariant when the axes are transformed in some types of space it would be easy to name. The equations might involve an embarrassingly large number of terms, whose orders of unknownness would exhaust the tail-ends of all man's alphabets. No doubt it is theoretically possible, as the authors point out, to test the consistency of a legal code with the symbols of Boolean algebra. But it's a good bet that to attempt it would strain the powers of Dr. Einstein, who recently, with characteristic and honorable candor, confessed that he was as much puzzled by his income tax as the next man. He was so brave as to opine that it was a subject for philosophers not for mathematicians. There was evidently a dirty crack here, but it would seem to imply that there are regions where mathematics is of no avail.

These banalities notwithstanding, the Liebers have written an ingenious, entertaining, and illuminating book. Contrary to the practice of the professional pundits, whom Sylvanus Thompson and Oliver Wendell Holmes detested and mocked, they derive no pleasure from dwelling with mysteries apart from the laity. "They wish to be understood and they will be." People who can make the Theory of Groups have meaning for groundlings can cause a lot of excitement. People who can reason the intellectually unprepared into a reasonable comprehension of the Principle of Relativity on simple but convincing mathematical grounds can cause still more. These are but two of their exploits and there are many in the little volume. Contrary to the law of nature the reviewer must agree with the statements on a dust-jacket.

Fulfillment

By Erwin W. Smith

NOW winter lies across our rigid earth
Stinging the abject heart with acid wind,
And frozen dawns creep over field and street.

Here is life's circle bright before our eyes:
Sleep, and the sleeper waking to new sounds;
Death, and the dead made quick and strong again.

For in the spring the transient sun will come
Tugging at bough, and groping under snow
Until grey earth is filled with light and song.

And then, then will the singer rise to sing,
And over shining water, in the sky,
The gull will trace his flight with flashing wing.

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What It Takes to Make War

REVOLUTION COMES OF AGE. THE USE OF WAR. By Asher Byrnes. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. 1944. xiii plus 271 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

FEW specialists in the social sciences have ever shown the slightest interest either in our armed forces or in war. This is a great pity. For the people make wars, although it is then the function of the army to fight them. Social scientists —not magicians or seers—are needed urgently to study the problems of war and peace. Therefore the soldier welcomes the research of men like Mr. Byrnes for the light it throws on the nature of war and peace.

Mr. Byrnes examines military history with interesting results. First of all he discovers that in 1770 Guibert, a Frenchman, sensing the reasons for his own country's defeats, prophesied victory to the first European nation that employed a vigorous citizen soldiery. He regarded war, as Clausewitz later defined it, as a normal procedure, a continuation of national policy by means of cannon instead of diplomacy. Napoleon came along and in the laboratory of warfare proved the accuracy of Guibert's prophetic vision.

Another civilian is the next prophet considered, the famous Bloch who in 1897 mingled so many false forecasts with the well-known prediction of a stalemated war of trenches and the break-up of society. Mr. Byrnes finds that Bloch's agitation for peace was "negative and motivated by cowardice, fear of the people and of their 'legitimate' rulers equally."

Technology was responsible for ending the deadlock of trench warfare and General J. F. C. Fuller of the British Army was its prophet. This time a soldier foresaw that technical advance—in other words social developments—controlled the future of war. In 1918 he proposed a new method of war with the new material of warfare—tanks, trucks, and planes. These devices fundamentally altered time and space relationship, but the Armistice came before his views could be tested by actual experience. The German Army proved him right in 1939.

The Loyalists failed in the Spanish Civil War because they were unwilling, or unable, to fight a total war or to bring about a total revolution as the French and the Bolsheviks did. In short "the general effect of war is to create (or re-create) sovereignty," and where sovereignty is not total, wars cannot be won.

From his survey Mr. Byrnes finds that the technological cycle of war has ended. Six hundred years ago the invention of artillery gave the industrialized cities superiority over the nomadic or agricultural communities. Today there is no technological difference between ourselves and the Axis. When Mr. Byrnes writes that: "We face another world quite as well armed as we. This is something utterly new. It never has been so since the end of the Dark Ages," there is room for considerable difference of opinion on this score. In the First World War, in our own Civil War, and in many others, technological equality between the combatant forces certainly existed.

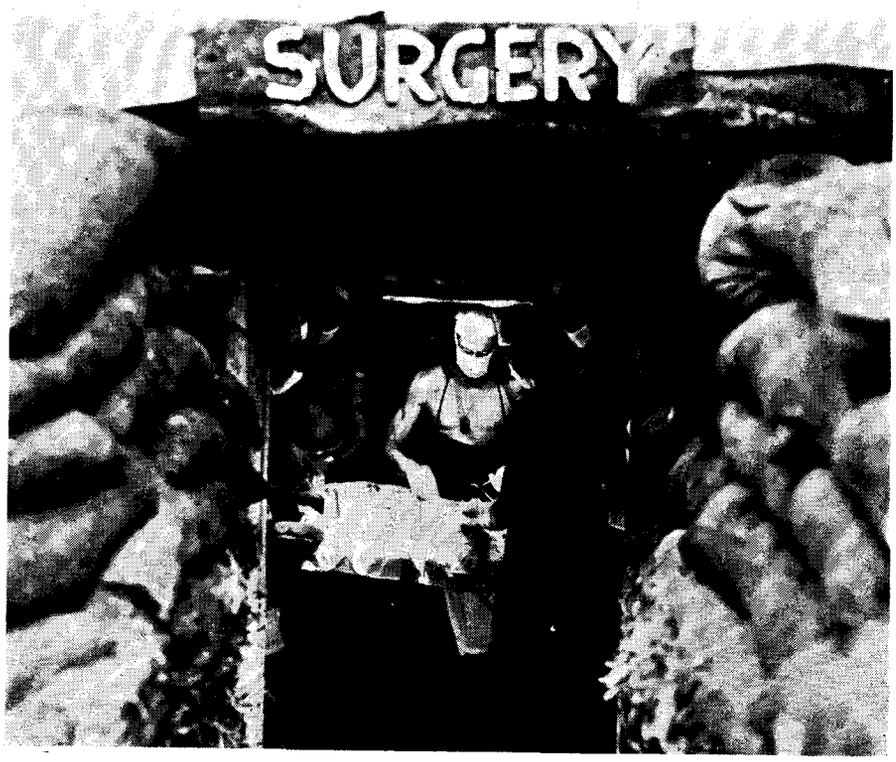
The present war and the post-war world are Mr. Byrnes's chief preoccupations. "Peace is made with what it takes to make war." Moral as well as physical weapons are essential. We can fight a successful war today only by subordinating every phase of life to governmental control. The community is organized under democratic management to move together for a single purpose—the defeat of the enemy. "Such control, and we are at last deliberately trying to achieve it, is revolution indeed. It is the application of a rational method to the data of social development."

Mr. Byrnes has a definite opinion of the significance of our victory in this war. He writes:

> When the peace comes everyone will clearly see the fundamental, the rock-bottom meaning of our victory; all men will see that the continental states have beaten down the subcontinental nations despite every conceivable refinement of military technics by the latter, and the most profound military bungling by the former. We will all see that security, in our era, can be achieved only on a continental scale. We will see that, where every other means of resistance failed, space, as in Russia and China, blunted the sword of the conqueror.

National strength is only that available within national boundaries. Security is impossible for any nation that is only a part of a continent. The solution for that breeding place of wars, Europe, says Mr. Byrnes, is that it becomes "an economically as well as politically unified nation."

Throwing cold water on idealistically conceived plans is reprehensible. But this reviewer insists that the factor of safety in social machinery cannot be determined in the way the engineer calculates strength of materials for a mechanical device. We have discovered that our own good will towards men is not always reciprocated. International affairs cannot be reduced safely to simple principles, because in human relations the uncertainty factor is paramount. A European federation on a democratic basis will theoretically diminish the war fever in that continent. But consider the different ideologies, the hate, the different levels of economic progress that present difficulties that must



Warfare, 1944 A.D. In an underground surgery room on Bougainville, protected by sand bags, an American Army surgeon operates on a U. S. soldier.

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be overcome. It will be a task of years to federalize Europe effectively. Possibly it can be achieved in time, and certainly it is a splendid ideal. But even within homogeneous nations such as England and the United States, bitter civil wars have been fought. We must try every experiment, do everything in our power to win a lasting peace. But let us not delude ourselves in this country that wishing for peace, no matter how hard, can produce it. Peace is not a unilateral product. It must be implemented, as Mr. Byrnes indicates, by our own participation and interest in international relations. How far that will go, and with what effectiveness remains to be seen. Mr. Byrnes makes a powerful plea in his book for an all-out battle for peace as we are now fighting the war. Our attitude toward his project must be hopeful but mixed with the scepticism of disillusionment.

Reading this book is a little like wrestling with a tough opponent. Mr. Byrnes has so much to say that his thoughts tumble pell-mell over one another. Moreover, he delights in devious ways of expressing a simple idea. When he writes: "Beginning with one-cylinder combustion engines having ball pistons of stone we broke the power of the pastoral and mountain peoples," he is merely telling us that the invention of artillery accomplished this end. Many will fail to understand the meaning of these words, and the obscurity of his style frequently will exhaust the well-intentioned reader. If the book can stimulate the soldier to study the social systems that produce armies and war, and can induce the sociologist to try to understand the soldier and his functions, it might be of great value. For those who look to a union of Western Europe as a safeguard against future wars, Mr. Byrnes evolves a novel and significant analysis to support such a view.

The Human Beings of Cornerville

STREET CORNER SOCIETY: The Social Structure of an Italian Slum. By William Foote Whyte. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1943. 284 pp. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THIS sociological study of a significant part of the social structure of an Italian slum is nice proof of what Oscar Wilde may have meant when he observed that nature imitates art. For after the flood of realistic novels of childhood and youth in slum areas, the first-hand and dispassionate observations of the sociologist seem tame and overcontrolled. We have come to expect the gaiety of William Saroyan or the tediousness of James T. Farrell in any account of peoples whose mores are changing as they adjust to American ways. Mr. Whyte is not writing as an artist however but as a scientist; so no doubt it would be unfair to expect from him the imaginative flavor of the novel. Nevertheless his analysis has a warmth and interest, in no way detracting from its scientific value, which will appeal to the lay reader as well as to the social scientist.

William Foote Whyte, formerly of the University of Oklahoma, more recently of Harvard, spent three and a half years making his study of "Cornerville" life. Cornerville is the Italian slum district of "Eastern City" and there Mr. Whyte "bowled, played baseball and softball, shot a little pool, played cards, and ate and drank with my Cornerville friends." In this way he won acceptance into the street corner society he was anxious to observe. But what gives his study authority and conviction is that he has successfully avoided reducing his data to dreary statistics or to monotonous case histories. As he points out in his introduction these are human beings in Cornerville who cannot be lumped together as undifferentiated members of "the masses." The result is that the members of the groups he describes appear alive and real with the individual emphasis never found in a chart or graph. They are seen most clearly when they speak for themselves and the things they say are a far cry from the "Canzoni" which T. A. Daly used to sing merrily of their fathers. The author has included many lengthy and direct quotes in which the young men of Cornerville give in lusty and certain terms their opinions of life and love, politicians and reformers. Some of the ideas expressed will redden the ears of certain types of social workers whose earnestness sometimes keeps them from understanding the very "cases" whom they would convert to their own images. Others will shock the easy moralist who condemns the rackets and ward politics for themselves rather than for what they express.

—From the woodcut by H. Glintenkamp.

As a sociologist, Professor Whyte reports his findings purely objectively and makes no attempt to pass judgment. One can draw morals on the basis of the evidence turned in, but that is of no direct concern to the author. What he is showing are the group loyalties, the social mobility, the organization and structure of a slum and its people. In a textbook these would come under the heading of social disorganization. The young men in Cornerville fall, in general, into two aggregations, corner boys and college boys. Two typical groups are examined and contrasted. Doc and his boys comprise one set of corner boys and Chick Morelli, and his fellow clubmen the other. Lines between the two are clear and not impassable but in any kind of crisis the distinction sharpens. On the whole the college boys are ambitious and aggressive, demanding that a value be placed on their education, a value that is grossly social and economic. Doc's boys win prestige in other ways quite at variance with many of the traditional American values—spending, for example, is much more desirable than thrift, loyalty to the group comes before advancement of the individual. In the society in which these young men move, two closely associated ways to advancement are racketeering and politics. Racketeering centers largely around the numbers pool and while it poses a legal problem, there is no moral one. Typical of the young racketeer and politician is Tony Gataldo who attempts to make the Cornerville S. and A. Club a stepping stone to political advancement.

In compiling his narrative of the social grouping of second generation Italo-Americans, Mr. Whyte has provided sociologists with a rich source book. Some readers will be piqued by the emphasis placed on the street corner, the bowling alley, and the racket to the exclusion of the home, the church, the school—those other institutions which certainly must exercise great influence on the behavior patterns of these young men. They will wish also to know more of the impact of Italian fascism than is given here and of the effect of the war on Cornerville.

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Suppose Peace Should Break Out

HOUR OF TRIUMPH. By George Fielding Eliot. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1944. 214 *pp.* $2.50.

OUT OF THE CLOUDS. By Robert Kazmayer. Philadelphia: Macrae-Smith. 1944. 255 *pp.* $2.50.

A MODERN FOREIGN POLICY FOR THE UNITED STATES. By Joseph M. Jones. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 94 *pp.* $1.35.

CITIZEN, PLAN FOR PEACE! Edited by Merrill E. Bush. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1944. 201 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HAL BORLAND

SOME day we are going to have victory on our hands, in Europe and in the Pacific, probably and preferably not both simultaneously. What are we going to do with victory when it comes? Will victory bring peace? What kind of aftermath will follow? Don't we wish we knew!

Here are four writers who set out to tell us, if not what will happen, at least what can and should happen. One of them is a day-to-day military analyst. One is a lecturer characterized as "an authority on a number of significant contemporary subjects." One is a former State Department employee, now a magazine editor and writer. One is an assistant professor of education. Three of them have fairly detailed plans and analyses; the fourth reports on a seminar devoted to post-war planning. All four agree that we need a plan. No two of their plans agree in more than the broadest outlines.

George Fielding Eliot's book is more than half devoted to winning the victory, as might be expected from a military analyst. That section of the book, however, has considerably more fat than meat, and the part devoted to the Pacific war has already lost some of its punch and pertinence because of what has happened out there in the past few weeks. Major Eliot's prescience did not include our solid blow at Truk or our more recent stab at Palau; certainly his analysis does not take such moves into account at this stage of the war.

When he gets down to what will happen after victory he packs more into his pages. Although some of his conclusions will be familiar to those who have followed the words of the planners, who are already jumping out of the bushes and the loudspeaker on every occasion, they at least add up. Some form of United Nations control will be necessary, he points out, to oversee the reëstablishment of community and even national life in the now occupied countries. Germany and Japan must be disarmed, and Major Eliot would apply different methods for them because of their geographic differences. He would outlaw all airplane manufacture by Germany and forbid her to acquire sea power. He would place all German financial or commercial dealings with other nations under the scrutiny and control of a United Nations commission. He would forbid or rigidly restrict German immigration. He would confiscate the archives of the German General Staff.

Japan he would reduce to the status of an isolated medieval island group, stripping her of all machinery and metals except a few looms and plows. He would not only forbid Japanese immigration but would strictly limit outside contact with her. He would make Japan in effect a pest house and force her to live on what rice she could grow and what fish she could catch in her coastal waters.

Then he would have the United Nations—the United States, Great Britain, and Russia (China is virtually ignored in his whole program)—police the world with an international air and sea force, special units of which would be stationed in Schleswig-Holstein and Korea. And thus he would lay the foundations of enduring peace. Somehow it would come out of a decade or so of international coöperation. And the peace that he envisages would be not unlike that enforced by Britain during the relatively quiet century which preceded World War I.

Robert Kazmayer doesn't consider himself an intellectual, so he titles his third chapter "The Wordiness of Our Intellectuals." But he, too, is wordy, even in his summaries of the programs for a post-war world laid out by H. G. Wells, John Middleton Murry, Clarence Streit, Norman Angell, a hypothetic spokesman for Labor, one of the same for Capital, the Pope, the Malvern Conference, and the Delaware Conference of the Protestant Churches.

After he has analyzed these programs and found them pretty cloudy, he gets down to a discussion of what is going to happen after victory and, eventually, to his own broad plan. He thinks that the Pax Romana worked out rather well and would not mind seeing some rough equivalent established after this war with the United Nations applying the power. He does point out that there is going to be a long interval of armistice and uncertainty before we arrive at anything like lasting peace, and that those are going to be extremely difficult years.

He has a welcome tolerance for contrary viewpoints, in this latter part of the book, and he says that the conservatives are essential to anchor us to the good things of the past while the equally essential radicals lead us on to the future. Somewhere along the way, he believes, we are going to achieve an "integration" that will make a good and peaceful world. He concludes by saying in effect that we'd better find a workable plan or we will all wind up chewing each other's throats.

Joseph M. Jones has assembled three long articles which appeared in *Fortune* last year, edited them somewhat to bring them down to the realities of

—*Newark Evening News*

"The Twilight of the Gods."

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Joseph M. Jones

today and put them into a book called "A Modern Policy for the United States." He says in substance that we are now the most powerful nation in the world, must take the lead in building an enduring peace for our own safety—we'll be the target of the next war if we don't, he says—and must gird ourselves spiritually to put down aggression anywhere in the world by economic or military action. Our first task, he says, is to perpetuate the Big Four of the United Nations. Next, we must protect and extend the policy of freedom in the world. Third, we must make adequate provision for international control over air power and put sufficient air power in the hands of an international police force to enable it to do its job. Fourth, we must promote economic expansion and raise the living standard all over the world.

These four points constitute the core of the first of the three sections of the book. The second section is a bare-handed bout with our present State Department, which Mr. Jones considers secretive, dictatorial, old-fashioned, ponderous, and ineffectual. The third section is a follow-up on section two, in which Mr. Jones calls for more civilian participation in foreign affairs and an overhauling of the whole Congressional-Executive setup as it applies to international relations.

The first section of the book contains a good deal of sound analysis and a realistic approach to the post-war problems. It is also compactly written, which is a relief after wading through the wordage of so many other plans, including the two just discussed. The attack on the State Department in section two is so fervid that one finishes it with a feeling that there must be a good deal to say on the other side. For a time it was almost impossible to say "Hull" or "Welles" in any group and not have the partisans trample you underfoot in their rush to get at each other. This section echoes that period. It would be more effective if it were less positive. Mr. Jones adds a postscript at the end of the book which notes recent changes but reiterates his stand.

His third section, calling for closer coöperation between Congress and the Executive Department, particularly in affairs of State, has a good deal to recommend it. But one cannot take it neat without accepting section two in entirety.

The fourth of these books is the report of a seminar held at Temple University, in Philadelphia, in February, 1943. Mr. Bush outlines the reasons for the seminar, which was a discussion of post-war planning, tells how it was organized, presents the addresses which were delivered, summarizes the discussion, and gives instructions for other groups which would like to hold similar seminars.

The speeches in the book are, for the most part, dated. Probably the speakers would have other things to say now. One thing that strikes this reader is the persistence of narrow self-interest; it runs through so many of the addresses and so much of the discussion that Arthur Sweetster's insistence on peace for the sake of peace and humanity is doubly welcome. Perhaps the other viewpoint represents the thinking of more labor leaders, industrialists, teachers, and economists than we like to admit. It isn't encouraging.

To summarize, here are four books, nearly 800 pages, issued in a time of paper shortage; and among them there is no more than 200 pages of pertinent post-war discussion. Probably even the authors would agree, if you could catch them in an unwary moment, that none of their plans will be accepted in major part. Mr. Kazmayer hedges by saying

George Fielding Eliot

he is simply presenting facts and has no plan; but he doesn't always agree with himself—he, too, has a plan. There are fundamentals, of course, that probably will appear in whatever program comes to life, and those fundamentals are not only here but in almost every book and article on the subject.

It is perhaps revealing of the times that one author lauds the Pax Romanum as a pattern for the future and has no time for the Pax Britannica, another denounces the Pax Romanum and lauds the Pax Britannica, and a third finds that the United States should now establish a Pax Americana along the lines of the Pax Britannica. All of them agree that lasting peace is quite a distance away, but all advocate programs based on the past. They would prevent wars in the future by means which, in retrospect, might have prevented wars in the past. One wonders just how much of the future is visible back down the road we have just traveled.

Lord, Having Hidden Us So

By Jeremy Ingalls

LORD, having hidden us so in the heart's cave—
For houses are fallen, remember; the strafed cities
Beyond habitation; fuel scant and the grounded wings
Falsely immortal in hate and ice; mercies
None, out of fashion. How from the hurt springs,
Lord, dumb anguish.
Deliver us also, here in the heart's cave.

Lord, having given us health in the heart's cave—
For mind has healing, discover; vicar of cities
Only, flier of nightmares truly; still brings
Curable customs; loves by habit and pities
The angry eyes closing. Now from their hurt springs
Lord, our anguish.
Deliver us also, here in the heart's cave.

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Power for the Making of Tomorrow

TVA—DEMOCRACY ON THE MARCH. By David E. Lilienthal. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1944. 248 *pp.* $2.50.

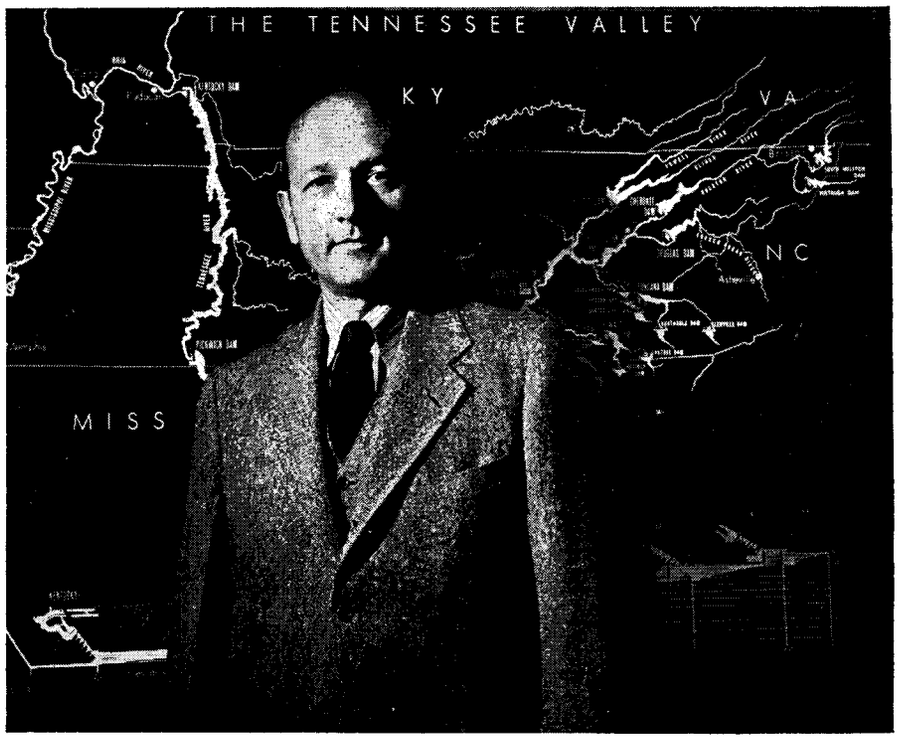
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

WHEN America comes at last to count the benefits from the Tennessee Valley Authority, it may count two books high upon the list of all the contributions which have come from the multiple-purpose development of one region and one river. Indeed, in terms of the meaning of democracy in the future, the meeting in the Tennessee Valley of David Lilienthal and Wendell Willkie may turn out to have been for men beyond the valley more important than the enterprise which brought them together and from which each emerged with an important book in affirmation of the democratic faith.

They came together as different men in 1933 to argue over power properties and power rates. They were, indeed, almost the symbols of difference. They are different now and they have written entirely different books. But as the Tennessee Valley Authority has grown into the acceptance and admiration of America, Wendell Willkie has ceased to be merely the utility advocate concerned only with the defense of private property from New Deal experimentation. David Lilienthal, wise New Dealer, is certainly in this book no uncritical advocate of the New Deal.

In "One World" Willkie wrote down his faith in the capacity of the peoples of this earth to work together, to trade together, to live peacefully together in a more productive future. It was an airplane view, a narrative of a swift seeing even if underlined by an abiding faith. Now Lilienthal, I think, has written the tougher, better informed, more essential book about the world and its democratic possibilities. In terms of the comparison with Willkie's book, it might better have been called "One Valley." On one well understood scene, it comes to grips with problems which Willkie merely flew over. It is the story and the statement of the democratic problem of the people among whom Lilienthal has worked for ten years, but Lilienthal's story of TVA is not a report on one great enterprise among one people but a magnificent parable for mankind.

his fear of the administration of governmental powers by an absentee bureaucracy sounds almost like conventional anti-administration propaganda. It is something very different. He is not blind to the fact that centralized businesses have become eloquent advocates of decentralization in government. He understands that the growth of bigness in business itself has made great powers essential in government. He has undertaken, however, to demonstrate out of actual experience in TVA a pattern of democracy in which necessarily large national policy powers can be positively fulfilled in decentralized administration close to the people themselves. There the planning and accountability for the results



David E. Lilienthal against a TVA background

Those businessmen who now seem to be dismayed with the 1944 Willkie are no more surprised than some New Dealers will be at some of Lilienthal's remarks about some New Dealers and some aspects of the New Deal. Indeed, those advocates of reform who would centralize all power and administration in Washington are more prominent in Lilienthal's demonology of contemporary democracy than many of the Old Dealers of business and finance. Careful readers will recognize the advocates of centralized power operations in Harold Ickes's Department of the Interior. They will also recognize Tommy Corcoran as the one time New Dealer who with others might be regarded as a new elite capable of governing America better from a distance than America could govern itself close at hand.

Indeed, some of Lilienthal's preference for grass roots democracy and are together—and together where they could be seen. In such a pattern no citizens are mere digits in the distance. They are instead participants in the development of their resources.

That may be an over-simplified statement of Mr. Lilienthal's teaching. It omits much about regionalism, about tools and politics, about man and his machines and the future ahead of him as well as the signs in the past. All these provide the basis for a convincing, forthright, and always specific statement of faith out of one Tennessee Valley for this one world.

Such a book does not fly for the reader like Mr. Willkie's air trip narrative. Beautifully written, it does not soar in eloquence for the inattentive reader. The fact about it is that it is down on the ground; its democracy is not a vision from the heights but a pattern drawn from an enterprise in democracy of the people themselves.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 43

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 43 *will be found in the next issue.*

MHWW AD MXLISB, KLZ MXPDB AD BXZ.

—ZOXAHI GLWWDF.

—OSIZXFN XG MHAKFSCJD LBSTDFISZN.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 42

COURTING AND WOOING
BRING DALLYING AND DOING.
—WILLIAM CAMDEN.
—REMAINS CONCERNING BRITIAN.

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Paring Off the Impurities

CHRONICLE OF DAWN. By Ramón Sender. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 201 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RALPH BATES

ONE wet Sunday afternoon last spring I was present at an uncommonly pleasant cocktail party. Towards six o'clock the conversation in my part of the room, having gotten round to the American Labor Party, for a few minutes became as tedious as a crosstown trolley ride. It was suddenly broken by a sharp expletive in Aragonese Spanish, not the most likely of speeches in New York City.

"Thou, Aragonese, whence from?" I said to the small, hard-bodied speaker, with just enough derision to indicate a knowledge of Aragon.

"Thou, obesity, what knowest of Aragon?"

"The Three Sisters," naming a fabulous consort of peaks in the High Pyrenees of the Sobrarbe. "And the old Marquis Viu's palace-hotel at Torla, and those wild strawberry beds under Cotatuero's cliffs and I know how to move from the Enchanted Mountains, right to the Bisaurín, where even the streams get lost."

"That place of silence," he said. "My name is Ramón Sender."

So we worked our way into a corner and sat there, making one another contented and discontented with talk of peaks and passes and sheep pastures on those fantastic mountains, and of the famous battles of the defense of Madrid, in which we both took part. I have rarely heard talk that so naturally combined easiness and vehemence; subtlety and even profound intuitions with violent prejudice; fantasy so dressed in the tones of urbanity. Sender, as I listened, moved with a kind of boyish exuberance from one enormous theme to another, except that his grapple was that of a man in his ripeness. Or better, he talked exactly as one of those upland shepherds will sometimes talk when, after long months of solitude, a traveller passes his way.

Politics took up a deal of the time. It was a somewhat startling version of revolutionary faith he professed; austere and hispanic, of course, and because Spanish, intensely moral and not deliberately directed towards the achievement of mere material prosperity for Spain. Besides this, it seemed to me, there was some bizarre prejudice and not a little error in his thinking. Yet the salient thing was the purity, the cleanness of his thought. He spoke volubly of village feasts, and there was a long, minutely reasoned essay on the reasons why a man cares to dwell so much on the scenes of his childhood. There was that trick (recorded in "A Man's Place," which he did not assume I had read) of hiding in the ribcage of a dead mule, in order to spring out upon and bell the stinking vultures. So that over his native town, that sleeps and stares in the sun like a skull on a desert altar, the birds of prey toll mournfully as they fly from

Ramón Sender

charnel yard to cliff. When he talked of girlhood, a theme which delighted him almost as much as boyhood, there was a cruel innocence in his thoughts. When he spoke of war, and of civil war, you felt the razor-like ferocity that lies beneath the lyricism of his writing. I cannot imagine any talk more improbable in this city, nor any product of a New York press less probable or more beautiful than this strange "Chronicle of Dawn."

So much of that memorable conversation is here, but digested and rigorously ordered by the narrative simplicity of the story. It is a simplicity which, at the story's full run, turns out to be no more simple than the Diabelli Variations. José Garcés, a Spanish Loyalist officer, is lying prisoner in a French concentration camp, shortly before the final destruction of the Spanish Republic. When he hears of its end his life-principle is destroyed, but before he dies he writes a book, this book, which is outwardly nothing but the story and course of his boyhood love for Valentina V. . . . Both lovers are ten years old and they live in that lost town of the Sobrarbe, in the heart of the vast desolation, where the vultures carry bells around their necks but the carrion crows do not. (No need to worry, they have ropes around them.) It is a town in which the apothecary is still the man of science and a personage of note, in which the bishop's mistress wears starched and frilled petticoats of costly white material beneath her black rags, where a landowner still considers the Jesuits far too worldly and prefers the Benedictines, where for a dollar a goatherd will boil an old dead woman in a cauldron to provide a doctor with a skeleton. The story, however, is not a Spanish "Spoon River Anthology" of personality and anecdote, but a moving, integrated story with beginning, middle, and end. At the close José Garcés goes to a clerical college to be educated and presumably never sees Valentina again.

It is a simple scheme, yet presented with such force, such virtuosity of imaginative recall that one has the sense of hurrying over a strange and enormous landscape, in the company of haunted and prophetic children. Its memories, or its late intuitions concerning childhood, are keen, often terribly sharp. The unrelenting finality of the boy's hatred for his father and his precipiced contempt for his young sister is frightening. There is something as shocking as a naked bone in the simplicity of his childhood love, not in its tenderness, for it is not tender, but in the frankness of its imposition and acceptance of duty, in its keenness and unmixed reality. There are no excesses, no failures, no weaknesses, no slackening of the spirit permitted by its rules, not for one moment. In that respect a child's love is like civil war. And how this man, driven out of his own land with memories too horrible for contemplation, grasps the importance of secrecy to a boy! It is as if great troubles, secret to him, had made him a boy again. That nothing must be told to the impure adults was the rule of José's bloodthirsty tribe of warrior boys. It is as if Sender, being compelled to reorder his thinking, deliberately returned to that town in which the spirit was whole and hard and pure.

But not out of weakness and not in order to indulge the emotions with the idealized remembrance of irresponsible days. (My God! the child's world of this novel is burdened with knife-edged responsibilities, above all to himself.) There, I think, one finds a rule by which to distinguish the escapist return to childhood from the purposeful research. Sender must go back, as his José Garcés must do, not in order to comfort the heart with dreams of a Golden Epoch, but in order to collect and concentrate himself, to pare off the impurities, particularly the uncleanness of the political world of compromise and ungodly tolerance. That is what the inscription on the

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title page means. "Nomads, before they tear your linen sheets and eat your calves raw in the square, like to gather up their memories in order to put them out of reach of reprisals." Exactly. You shall not destroy the murderous heart by pecking at its component parts. José Garcés writes in one of his sonnets:

These mountain shepherds, leaving to the care
Of dogs their cabins, put their sandals on
And to the confines of themselves have gone
Thus shod.

And thus shod, they have turned "from God's praise to God's laws" and, before long, the hearts of the Spanish fascists are like to be hand-scooped out of their chests.

This return to childhood is a kind of voluntary seclusion, a monasticism of the spirit that is far more rigorous than the imprisonments which have been made to serve the same purpose by other writers. Malraux and Sender are very different writers. Two years ago I would have said that the Frenchman was the man of greater imaginative force, for the Spaniard had not yet learned to express his sensations wholly in images and concrete experiences. Malraux had grasped that necessity and carried it out with quivering intensity. Sender has now accomplished this also. The point is, however, that both have used their almost hallucinatory force to analyze the single duty of contemporary man, of becoming a man. "Day of Wrath," an underestimated book, had that for its theme. The impassioned Kassner, if he seems to possess rather too many resources in the outer world, is compelled to re-establish himself, and in so doing he helps us, or terrifies us. Koestler does the same thing, with even greater intensity in his brililant obscurities. One must recapture the sense of heroism, says Koestler, as Malraux once said it, though the Hungarian writer so far has not squarely confronted his real problem and so fails to do more than lacerate himself and us. But what Malraux's prison and Koestler's torturers compelled their threatened men to do (Now you think you have escaped, says the torturer to his fleeing victim; just try to find yourself!) exile has made Sender do. That is the significance of this simple, astonishing book. That is why it is so singularly pure, for against its one banal memory there are set within it scores of startling and altogether beautiful things. José Garcés well says of it in his poem to Valentina, when they were both in boarding school, "This wind from Sobrarbe—Will set your hair on fire." But unlike that child's love, it will not "make your thoughts lie quiet."

Introducing an Important New Writer

DANGLING MAN. By Saul Bellow. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1944. 191 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THIS is the journal of a man dangling between two worlds, or, perhaps more accurately, between two moments of existence in the one world we know, a split second of non-being extended immeasurably like a fissure growing beneath his feet. There might be many accidents in life to produce just such a hiatus: that time, for example, when a love affair that has crowded everything else out of the earth and sky is over and gone, and one gropes tenderly with hand and toe to learn to walk again; or a time when one is cast up out of the world, upon a reef somewhere, a magic mountain, as was Thomas Mann's Hans Castorp. In Saul Bellow's book it is a very common, contemporary accident that throws his man into the air to dangle. He is in that period betwen registration and induction, a matter of months filled with investigation (he is a Canadian and there is data to produce, papers, tests, records) and waiting. But this does not matter; it is a device for setting free the mind of Joseph (whose second name we do not ever learn) from the pattern of orderly living, and keeping it suspended out of pattern.

He is born again, free of the weight of accumulated attitudes, free of the people who reach to hold him (he is apart now, lonely and questioning), free of the emotions that have hitherto thought for him. He begins to see with the dispassionate eye of the painter—the mole in the armhollow, the vein beneath the surface of the skin, a stove's light in a room. He begins to think with the dispassionate mind of the anthropologist, beholding his wife, his father, his niece, his friends, the people in his boarding-house, as though he had just landed upon their continent, having foreknowledge of them with the freedom to examine coldly what he knows. And he examines his knowledge of himself, his world, the events in it, with a rare and miraculous honesty. Now, as never before and probably never again, he can say exactly what he feels without adding to it what he ought to feel, subtracting what he ought not. These pages, brief and pungent, are filled with inspired perception, from that true statement I have never seen anywhere else save in Joyce, ("The child feels that his parents are pretenders; his real father is elsewhere and will some day come to claim him"), to such moments of self-searching as the credo on Page 84, which begins: "I would rather die in the war than consume its benefits . . . I would rather be a victim than a beneficiary . . ."

Saul Bellow

Here, as elswhere in literature when the mind is subject to the pressure of examination, it splits and turns upon itself in question. Joseph holds dialogue with his other self, whom he terms Tu As Raison Aussi, and even when he is talking to others it is not the ordinary words of outer discussion that he addresses to them, but the searching words that only he himself can answer. He understands their distrust almost as though he can see through them to the back; they are like cards he can turn over. The fact is he has been endowed with an extra dimension, and so long as he has it he has the gift of prophecy. It will drop from him, we feel, when he is at last inducted, when the spell breaks and he falls back into the heat of action. It is only at this point of suspension, where Bellow has caught him, that Joseph possesses this rare, cold, clarity of vision. In this sense his is an interesting war document, his judgment upon the war world before he plunges beneath its surface. We shall read many afterthoughts when the war is over; this is a last forethought.

I have been trying to say also, in all this, that Saul Bellow is a writer of great original powers. Quite apart from the pressing interest of the material he has chosen for his book (a first novel, incidentally), he writes with obvious style and mastery, with a sharp cutting to the quick of language, with a brilliance of thought. This is a successful piece of work everywhere you examine it, and ought to be the herald of a fine literary career.

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THE WAR AGAINST HINDSIGHT

IF this page has harped on one note more than on any other during the past five years, that note has sounded our hope that writers take a larger concern with and fuller participation in public affairs. We have tried to emphasize that this is not a question of the ivory tower versus the active arena, but literally a question for writers of their very existence, a question as primitive and fundamental as keeping their water supply free of pollution. It isn't that we expect writers to become world movers and shakers overnight where before their principal success may have been limited to historical novels or fanciful short stories; nor do we necessarily believe that they must all follow the example of Mrs. Luce in running for national office. This is a good trick if a writer can do it, but not everyone is endowed with that rare combination of abilities and auxiliaries on which our political system seems to set such high store.

What, then, do we ask of writers? In general, of course, we ask that each one pull his full weight in our uphill climb; free rides are out for the duration and possibly for a lot longer. By "full weight" we mean his maximum contribution to the things he believes in, and if there is nothing he believes in, then any resemblance he may bear to a real writer is purely coincidental. Nor need we draw a detailed diagram of how a writer can find his own particular place in the general climb; his own work has automatically marked out that place for him; and if he does not see that place, it is because he has made a conscious effort to avoid it. In short, we ask him to develop whatever usefulness, actual or potential, that may be within him.

If all this sounds too general, we should like to suggest a specific job awaiting the useful writer today. We have spoken about that job on this page before; it is the need for a close-up, continuing picture of America today, a picture so authentic, so valid, so vital in its proximity to the real flavor of the times that it will be impossible for the next generation to be nourished on a literature of cynicism and negativism growing out of a misinterpretation of the war, how it came about, what was truly at stake, and why the nation had to make the sacrifice it did. One of the continuing misfortunes in our history is the tragic inability of one generation to evaluate and understand the actions and purposes of the preceding generation. If proof were needed of this, we need only cite the controversy over the 1920's between Bernard DeVoto and Sinclair Lewis in these pages. For some curious reason, decisions of the past generation are appraised largely on the basis of whether we would make the same decisions today; but very little effort, apparently, is made toward the *understanding* of the issues that went into the making of those decisions. In retrospect, the effects serve to blot out the causes.

Thus, condemnation of a previous generation has almost become a national pastime. During the twenties and during most of the thirties, surrounded with the physical evidence of the suffering and the havoc washed up by the First World War, we made solemn declarations against war, against all wars, whatever the causes of war actually were. And when we condemned ourselves, let us say in 1927, for making the decision in 1917 that brought us into the war, what we actually meant was that we wouldn't make the same decision in 1927. Since we were at peace, since there was no conceivable reason at that time why we should have to fight anyone at that time, we could declare against war—unreservedly, unqualifiedly, unintelligently. Once again, we were interpreting past events through the spectacles of present needs.

If all that is involved here is a faulty evaluation of the past, then what we are writing about amounts to nothing more than a historical quibble. But much more is involved; a correct understanding of history sometimes can mean the difference between war and peace. It was precisely the misunderstanding of one disaster that helped to bring on another for the generation after the last war. For misunderstanding, like war itself, has effects as well as causes.

Does anyone doubt that there is danger of another period of misunderstanding tomorrow that may invite yet another catastrophe? The cost of this war in blood and wealth will be high. Mistakes will be made in the winning—many of them inevitable and insignificant, taking the size of the job into account. The re-conversion to a peacetime economy will be rough; the dislocations and physical adjustments may be deeper and broader than most of us had anticipated. The ideals that had such a genuine ring when they were sounded early in the war may sound hopelessly remote and tinny tomorrow.

These will be the effects of the war. Will the next generation recognize that those effects, horrible and complex and sweeping though they may be, represent actually a comparative luxury alongside what might have been? Will the next generation have any idea of what the might and menace of Nazi Germany were after the fall of France? Will it have any idea of the bristling peril surrounding this nation the night of December 7, 1941? Or will it content itself only with the effects washed up by that struggle for survival, becoming cynical and jaded at precisely the time when a virile and progressive approach to world problems will be most urgently needed? And if the next generation turns sour, will the ferment help produce another war?

That is why we ask writers today to address themselves to the next generation. Write now; get the story down in its full colors while it is fresh before you; don't be afraid of honest emotion or honest sentiment; don't be afraid to talk about the obvious things—the things that seem obvious now but won't be so obvious a few years from now. Pass up the unusual sidelights, the shining out-of-the-way episodes that may make good story material today but which are no more representative of the larger drama than a single book is of a library. For it is only too likely that these out-of-the-way episodes will be taken up later as a valid full view. Give the next generation such a sharp, intimate picture of the real problems of the present that it won't slide so easily into the usual glib misunderstanding of how war happens and what war is.

This does not mean that today's readers are to be brushed aside, for the broad, general, integrated stories of this war which can be so useful for tomorrow have their own usefulness today. It is just that, so far as the next generation is concerned, the type of writing we have been talking about here will go a long way toward taking the astigmatism out of hindsight.

N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Cornell and the Russian Courses

SIR: I have just read Mr. Woltman's reply to my statement on Russian studies at Cornell University. Since your columns cannot well be used to continue a controversy, I shall not undertake to rebut the several false statements regarding the University which appear in Mr. Woltman's article. However, I should like to reply to one of Mr. Woltman's charges, since it directly affects the dignity and reputation of one of the members of our staff.

Mr. Woltman makes the statement that the lectures given at Cornell University by Dr. Joshua Kunitz are submitted to University authorities for censorship before they are delivered to the students. This is not true and never has been true. The absurd calumny has been repeatedly denied, as Mr. Woltman knows. Cornell University has received effective and willing help from Mr. Kunitz in a difficult course of instruction. His honor as a scholar is entitled to protection. Mr. Woltman's baseless accusation suggests that Dr. Kunitz accepted the humiliation of having his work censored. As a writer and teacher whose reputation for integrity and courage has been fairly earned, Mr. Kunitz, I believe, is entitled to be cleared of this malicious and totally unsupported accusation.

EDWARD E. DAY.

Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

"Guide to the Bedevilled"

SIR: Perhaps this note should be addressed to Elmer Rice personally, since I am going to come just as close to calling him a liar as I possibly can without actually doing so.

The occasion is the following lines in Elmer Rice's review of Ben Hecht's "Guide for the Bedevilled." Rice writes:

> The fact is that these gentlemen [the Hollywood moguls] are interested in nothing but the box-office, and they exclude the Jews from the screen for the same reason that they exclude all controversial or vexatious subjects: the Negro (except in his song-and-dance aspects), capital and labor, share-cropping, the denial of civil liberties, venereal disease, birth control, juvenile delinquency, political corruption—but I must remember my space limitations! The reason these subjects are neglected is that they do not appeal to children and adolescent minds and, therefore, cannot be sold to the vast majority of movie-goers.

That statement is false—and if Elmer Rice doesn't know it is false, he doesn't know his ear from his elbow. The truth is that movie audiences hunger and thirst for just such fare (if it be well done), but the so-called moguls quake to their white livers at mention of such subjects for fear of pressure groups (chiefly Catholic) and of economic (the Banks) and political (Hays and Roosevelt) reprisals against them as individuals if they dared put such subjects on films. It is not a question of whether the pictures would make money, and it is only at second-hand that it is a question of "rocking (the reactionary) boat." The plain truth is that office holders, bankers, and the church would destroy any producer who touched such topics with event a hint of realism.

Mr. Rice is quite correct, in summing up, that "it is a matter of business," but it is not a matter of selling tickets at the box office. The allegedly infantile public would rather buy those tickets than any other kind, but no exhibitor would dare to exploit such pictures. Local priest, banker, and mayor would VISIT him! The newspapers wouldn't dare give such pictures publicity for the same reasons. The "childish and adolescent minds" would have to be at particular pains even to find out that such a picture had been produced.

Elmer Rice knows all this just as well as I do—and as well as everybody else does—and dragging out that blanket alibi about the stupid public is the act of a craven, trying to shut out reality by pulling the bed-clothes over his head. It's no use. That blanket is threadbare and full of large, ugly holes through which you can see the bare fanny of any man who still relies upon it.

In the same paragraph Mr. Rice states that—"In spite of Chaplin's prestige, the great movie public shunned 'The Great Dictator.'" . . . They shunned it because it was a punk picture (not to use the Hollywood term). It was completely unfunny—and it stank of propaganda. The great movie public is not so infantile that it will buy tickets to be drugged by the eyes and ears if pictures of any other kind are available.

TIFFANY THAYER.

New York, N. Y.

"This happens every spring."

SIR: It is to laugh. Ben Hecht, denouncing anti-Semitism, lashes out at Raymond Kennedy, outstanding in academic circles as a champion of the Jews. Elmer Rice, reviewing Hecht, calls Kennedy an obscure pedant—associate professor at Yale, world authority on the Netherlands East Indies, noted as a colorful, forthright popular lecturer. How amusing these literary men are, who write from emotion rather than thought. How ironic when Jews belabor philo-Semites.

MAURICE R. DAVIE.

New Haven, Connecticut.

SIR: Perhaps the "publishers of mass-circulation magazines" mentioned by Elmer Rice [*SRL*, March 25] are deterred from serious treatment of the grave anti-Semitic problem by the horrible example of *The Saturday Evening Post*. *The Post*, with apparently the best of intentions, engaged three reputable and respected Jewish writers, Waldo Frank, Judge Jerome Frank, and Milton Mayer, to write as many articles on the menace of anti-Semitism in America.

The experiment almost wrecked the magazine. And the assault on *The Saturday Evening Post* came not from anti-Semites but from Jews and their self-appointed champions such as *PM*. *The Post* apologized in paid advertisements in hundreds of daily newspapers—and pretty soon it had a new editor. And whatever has become of Wesley Winans Stout?

Gentiles of good will who would like to combat anti-Semitism are truly "the bedevilled"—bedevilled by the

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extreme sensitivity of their Jewish friends.

ARTHUR U. FRENCH.

Savanna Ordnance Depot,
Illinois.

Abolish the German Language?

SIR: Matthew Arnold, I think it was, who made the wellnigh self-evident remark that there is something *splay* about the German intellect as well as about the German language—something awkward, clumsy, fumbling.

I once knew a cultured German who would never read a German book in the original, if he could get it in an English or a French translation. Economy of effort, patience, eyesight.

Let's go the whole hog and suppress both the German intellect and the German language.

W. C. ROSE.

Box 25, Ashland, Mass.

SIR: L. W. Smith's letter on German and German literature sounds like the utterance of one whose appreciation of any language or literature would be determined by whether it flattered his prejudices or not. It is almost beyond belief that any professor would measure the beauty of anything by his own rendition of it into wooden English.

I don't know any special reason why I should appreciate the German language and literature. My traditions are all Scotch Irish. My basic training is in Greek and Latin, both of which I have taught for years. My professional specialty is sociology,—of a variety that leaves no room for Prussianism or Nazism. Nevertheless I am as sure as I am of anything that there are beauties in the German language that do not occur in English or French or Spanish or Greek or Latin. I am continually amazed at the paradox that sounds that are individually harsh can melt into poetry of exquisite softness, and grace, and tenderness, and euphony. I haven't much to say about German short stories, but the German Novelle is unequalled as a literary form of delicate grace. Moreover among the German works of fiction since the First World War there are some that will stand comparison with anything in English.

Naturally there is no reason why Mr. Smith should like what I like, but I can easily make myself believe that I am more catholic in my tastes than he is, and that most of the Americans who know a little German literature will agree with me rather than with him.

ARTHUR W. CALHOUN,
Dean of Sterling College.
Sterling, Kansas.

SIR: Must you publish crass sophistry? I refer to the letter of Lewis Worthington Smith, Dean Emeritus, Drake University, [*SRL*, March 25].

Obviously a certain nationalistic ardor has impaired the Dean's critical detachment and esthetic acumen; else could an educator dismiss in an offhand manner the ages of German literature as "a relatively childish thing"?

It is unspeakable presumptuousness to utter such empty generalities, such flat, sweeping condemnations as his statement that "in the sense in which Greek, French, Russian, English, or American literature is a great literature, German literature is not great."

Then, to this esoteric bit of dogma he makes out a case, so to speak, by adding a criticism of "Young Werther" as "maudlin" and of "Wilhelm Meister" as "a structural card-house," pointing out furthermore that, at the time Goethe was writing these works, Defoe "had already written 'Robinson Crusoe,' and Fielding had given him [Goethe] an artist's model in 'Tom Jones.'"

Honestly, gentlemen, did not these profundities leave you breathless before you authorized publication?

It is highly fortunate that great art itself knows nothing of these antithetical distinctions—American, German, Jew, leper, pariah, murderer, et cetera—which the ordinary human mind long ago devised for the sake of convenience and expedience, insofar as *material* life is concerned. None of these temporal labels, whether they pertain to race, language, boundary, creed,—none has to do with that eternal spirit which is at once the essence and the genesis of great art.

Of course, to refute the Dean's contention purely on his own arbitrary premise, I should cite the fact that one of the greatest living artists (subscribe to that?) is a German.

But who doesn't know that the work of Thomas Mann lies beyond any racial, ideological, geographic, economic pigeonholes? (If Herr Mann holds an anti-Nazi viewpoint as a man, so much the better; as an artist, it is of no consequence—in the sense that material facts cannot lessen the importance of great art.)

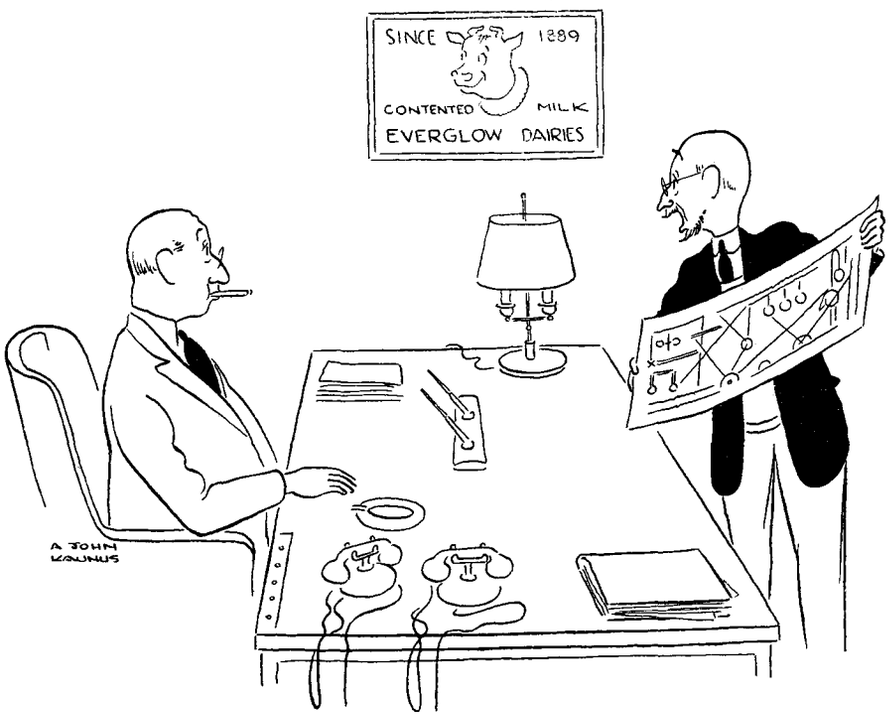
Thomas Mann is a German, but only as much as Dostoievsky is a Russian, Poe and Melville Americans, Proust a Frenchman, Joyce an Irishman. As much as Mr. Eliot is a product of St. Louis, Missouri.

If ever America opposes Russia, I hope the Dean will not insist upon raising hell with the structure of "War and Peace." It won't stand a very perspicacious probing.

Speaking of such technical matters, Lin Yutang once remarked that the Chinese were known for their willingness and humility—willing to cross flimsy bridges when going to watch a snow scene.

PVT. RODYA PEARCE.

Washington, D. C.



"I've developed a formula for changing grass directly into milk. It eliminates the intermediate vertebrate."

SIR: May I add a word to the "incurable controversy." I wish to comment particularly on Dean Lewis Worthington Smith's letter to *The Saturday Review of Literature* for March 25.

The whole controversy on the relative excellence of the German language and literature suggests to me the attempts of prominent people to select five or six words in our language that they rate highest esthetically. So far as I have been able to discover, the selections were based, first, on personal preference, and second, on association or meaning. There is so great a lack of agreement among our critics concerning standards of excellence for our own literature that we are hardly ready to attempt such

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evaluation of a foreign language and literature.

I submit the following assumptions:

First, that poetic excellence is not determined by comparison with the original of a literal rendering of a line or passage in another language, as was done with *Das ich so traurig bin.*

Second, that it is hardly fair to insist that a beginning writer measure up to an experienced writer who is at his best.

Goethe was twenty-five years old when he wrote "The Sorrows of Werther," and Fielding was forty-two years old when he wrote "Tom Jones." This work is generally considered his masterpiece. But even so, the immediate influence of "Werther" in Germany was greater than that of "Tom Jones" in Britain; and we must recognize the fact that "Werther" made its impact felt, whether for good or for evil, in England and in France. I do not wish to imply, however, that immediate popularity is a criterion of greatness, for if it were, "Mares eat oats and does eat oats" must be accounted great.

I am not an apologist for Hitler or for Nazism. What I wish to emphasize is that we are fighting Hitler and his gangsters and their ideals in Germany or in any other country where these monsters rear their ugly heads. To attempt to show the inferiority of the German language and literature not only is irrelevant, but is futile and will actually hinder the establishment of a lasting peace.

ROY B. CLARK,
Head of the English Dept.

Eastern Kentucky State Teachers College, Richmond, Ky.

SIR: I have followed the Incurable Controversy with incurable interest, and I've read many, though not all, of the recent spate of books on Germany and "The German Problem," but I still think that the profoundest thing ever said about the German character was said by Struthers Burt in a novel ("Along These Streets") he wrote a few years ago. I have not the book to hand, but it went something like this: "The trouble with the Germans is not that they are too bad, but that they are too good, as good is generally misunderstood to be."

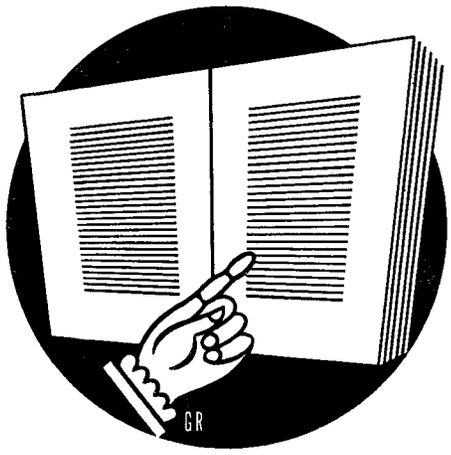
Truly yours,

KATE STERNE.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

It Is Later Than Radio Thinks

SIR: Mr. Burling Lowrey complains that Harriet van Horne's suggestions as to what should replace soap opera on the air are inadequate. I think he is right. Radio has not yet worked out a technique for presenting discussion programs, with the result that they always sound shallow, somehow, no matter how distinguished the speakers or how gripping their subject may be. If Mr. Cerf will forgive my saying so, his "Books Are Bullets" programs aren't one-tenth as good as his printed



discussions. There are many reasons why the finest educational programs tend to fall flat on the air, but the main reason is that people don't like to listen to talk. They don't like long-spoken commercials, for example. And a good many people have screamed to heaven that they don't like soap opera.

But they listen—twenty million of them. This argument has been worked to death; soap opera has *not* always been with us, and no natural law requires it to remain. The reasons housewives listen to soap opera are as follows:

(a) Many love it.

(b) Many turn on the radio to break the deadly silence of their homes as they work. They want a joyful noise of some kind. There are no joyful noises in large areas of this country, however, only soap opera. They switch off the radio and the silence drives them to turn it on once more. Then, because they have no one to talk to but themselves, they let the soap operas sink into their consciousness and become "listeners." If, in addition, they use the advertiser's soap powder—and they can't avoid using *some* advertiser's soap powder unless they make their own—the advertiser and the radio experts point out with brutal cynicism that they are morons and nothing can be done about them—they listen to the programs and they buy the soap.

I venture to guess that at least half of the 20,000,000 belong in class (b) and to assert that they are cruelly wronged and insulted. What shall they be given in place of soap opera? Why, the joyful noise they turned their radios on to get. Music. Even good music. Why not? I am a thoroughly unintellectual housewife*, and I listen only to WQXR, except for its "women's" programs.

*I'm not so sure.

WINIFRED MCALISTER.

SIR: I rather enjoyed Harriet Van Horne's "It Is Later Than Radio Thinks." I've always been interested in reading about these soap operas we housewives are supposed to like. And once, in a spirit not unlike Mme. Curie's when she set about extracting radium from its natural habitat, I even went so far as to tune in on one of the things. I tried to be attentive and I listened for a full week, telling myself that if one wants gold one must dig for it. But I had to give up; I simply couldn't stand the gaff.

I think, however, that I have found a solution for the problem which is inherent in Miss Van Horne's wail, "There is nothing else to turn to." The answer is, you don't turn *to* anything, you turn *off* the radio.

FRANCES STEPHENS WHALAND.

Needham, Mass.

Little Willie

SIR: Reading of Little Willie in the *SRL,* I thought to add the following episodes closing his model career:

Willie held his sister Grace
And poured acid on her face.

His mother gave her son a cuff
And said, "Willie, that's enough!"

Little Willie, once in ire
Threw his sister in the fire.
His mother said, above her screams,
"He's really nicer than he seems."

Willie poured some scalding water
Down the neck of a neighbor's daughter.
His mother thought this rather crude
And said, "Willie, don't be rude!"

Little Willie, progressive child,
Drove the neighbors almost wild.
Said his mother, to all complaint,
"It's his genius to be quaint."

Little Willie's neighbors said
They would rather he were dead.
So with whisky as a lure,
They caught and drowned him in a sewer.
(Though this rhyme seems worse than silly
It fits the end of Little Willie.)

EDWIN KEMP.

Halifax, Nova Scotia.

"Srange Fruit"

SIR: *SRL,* April 1, approached the ban of "Strange Fruit" most intelligently, but failed to point out the ironic extent of public reaction. Like "The Grapes of Wrath" and other recent controversial fiction, this book will indubitably enjoy comparable financial success.

Somehow, a great many non-literary minded Americans are possessed of an insatiably morbid curiosity in regard to "condemned" literature. Thus "Strange Fruit" is about to fall into unscrupulous hands thanks to the Boston Ban Society, and the genuine purpose of the book as an analysis of the Southern racial problem will be lost in the furor of "page scanning."

It is just such groups as these ban societies which are demoralizing the American novel and novelist. Our enemies have accused us of being "cultureless." What could do more to incite such contentions than a ban on a book which shockingly henceforth will be purchased with as much embarrassment as Henry selecting Maggie's drawers?

LAWRENCE TOWNLEY LOWREYS.

Davisville, R. I.

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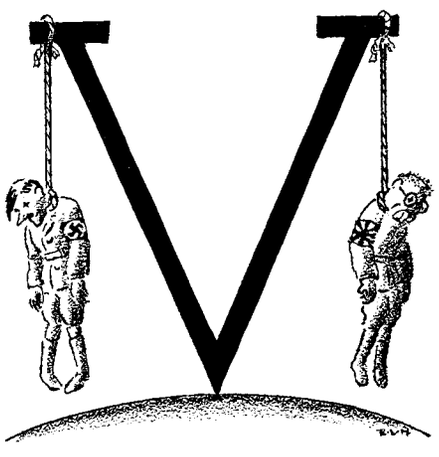
TRADE Winds

A GENTLEMAN NAMED T. Robsjohn-Gibbings takes the antique dealers for a jolting ride in "Good-bye, Mr. Chippendale." Some critics feel that he has overstated his case, and punched too hard when the Chippendales were already down. . . . Bill Saroyan's Hollywood play, "Get Away Old Man," has been published in book form by Harcourt. Bill, now overseas with the U. S. Army, announces gravely: "All the characters in this play are imaginary." In the pig's eye, they are. The dullest Hollywooden-heads recognized the lot of them after they had delivered four lines on the stage. . . . Some of the new inventions, designed to cast our post-war lives in the Superman mold, are outlined in "Miracles Ahead," a new Macmillan book by Norman Carlisle and Frank Latham. . . . Max Schuster pointed out a skyscraper to a visiting bookman. "The Nazis could shell that building for forty-eight hours straight," he opined, "and the first mortgage would still be standing." . . . Hastings House sponsors the latest cartoon album, a likely collection of baby subjects by well-known artists called "The Stork Run." Every new mother will probably receive a dozen copies within the next month. . . .

RUMER GODDEN, author of "Black Narcissus," has again chosen a Himalayan setting for her new book, "Rungli-Hungliot." This one is non-fiction—the story of a tea planter and his family on the edge of the Himalayan range. . . . Aldous Huxley describes his forthcoming novel, "Time Must Have a Stop" (in England the title will be "Time's Fool"), as "a piece of 'Comédie Humaine' that modulates into a version of the 'Divina Commedia.'" The principal comic character dies about halfway through the book; what follows takes place against the background of his posthumous experience. Another important character is a precocious lad of seven who appears in an epilogue as a maimed war veteran. Huxley insists that this all constitutes "a light novel." . . .

MORE "SPOONERISMS": Anthony Blount heard a lecturer says "puineagigs" for "guinea pigs" and "theedles and nimbles" for "needles and thimbles"; Emily Wedge, of Baltimore's famous Enoch Pratt Library, quotes a gentleman who declared "My wife says I've had tee many martoonis, but I'm not so much under the alfluence of incohol as some pinkle theep—I mean *thinkle peep!*" . . . More deaths to sadden the book world: Stephen Leacock, author of "Nonsense Novels"; Percy Brunskill, well-loved bookseller at Ulbrich's in Buffalo. . . . Katherine Dunham, exotic and *very* exciting Negro dancer and anthropologist, is preparing her autobiography for Henry Holt; Sophie Tucker, who bills herself as "the last of the red-hot mamas," is doing likewise for Doubleday. . . . The inmate of a St. Louis asylum borrowed three long books from the library each morning, returned them the same afternoon. The librarian tested him with the city telephone directory. Sure enough, he was back with it a few hours later. "Don't tell me you've finished that big book already," said the librarian. "I certainly have," answered the touched one. "The plot was rotten, but oh boy, *WHAT A CAST!*" . . .

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT John Strachey writes about an unusual aerial encounter experienced by one of the boys in his squadron over France. "Charlie had been in a considerable party and had fired all his ammunition. Suddenly he was chased by a big 110. He made for the nearest cloud, got into it all right but found it wasn't very big. In fact, it was only just big enough for him to fly round and round in, turning about as tight as he could. When he'd done this for a bit he poked his nose out to see if the coast was clear. But at the same moment the 110 came out, too. Charles dived back for cover. Out of the tail of his eye he saw the 110 go in too. Apparently the Jerry was as scared as he was. So now they were both flying round in the little cloud again. Charles said he began to get scared of a collision. He slipped out again. But the same idea must have occurred to the Nazi. Again they saw each other, and again they both popped back into the cloud as fast as they could. This time Charles stayed steep-



turning round and round for what seemed to him a hell of a time. And then he began to notice that the cloud was getting thinner and thinner. 'My dear old boy,' he said later. 'It was an absolutely awful feeling, like all your clothes slipping off in public.' He didn't know what to do. So he just went on steep-turning as long as there was a wisp of cloud left round him. But when the last of it had gone, so had the 110. The sky was perfectly empty and he flew back to base." . . . Strachey has written a novel about the R.A.F., called "James," that is said to be sensational. He has been requested, however—not ordered—by military authorities to hold it up as long as certain phases of it conceivably could provide information for the enemy. . . .

GOSSIPS ALONG Publishers' Row will tell you that John Hersey, having polished off one general in "A Bell for Adano," may get to work on an even bigger one (stationed in another part of the world) in his next. . . . That the publishers of Major Fielding Eliot considered, for one wild blissful moment, presenting his new opus in a two-volume set. Volume One would be labeled "On the One Hand"; Volume Two, "On the Other." . . . That Cass Canfield of Harper's rubbed his hands gleefully at a literary luncheon last week and reported "Our business has shown a healthy drop in the past few days." . . . That the publishers of "The Robe," anxious to preserve a modicum of paper for other books, are under contract to spend a definite amount per copy sold in advertising the Lloyd Douglas phenomenon. Full pages, therefore, continue to appear, and the sale goes roaring on—a vicious circle, I believe it's called. . . . That Max Salop, bon vivant of Publishers' Row, is one of the Good Time Charlies who paid thirty-six dollars a day for a single room at the Roney Plaza in Miami Beach. Coffee and toast were thrown in every morning for breakfast, however, absolutely without charge. If you didn't tip the waiter a dollar, added Max, you should have seen where the coffee wound up! . . . That Howard Fast will be the editor of another new digest-size magazine. Name: *Scope;* first issue: June; book reviewer: Dorothy Parker. . . . That *Look* magazine, besides adopting a once-a-week publication schedule for itself, is planning to sponsor a pocket-sized picture magazine—a miniature *Life*, in a manner of speaking. . . . And that there is a sign in Brentano's powder room which reads "Is this trip really necessary?" . . .

A SOLDIER recently returned from London notes that not long ago a well-known British novelist and a repre-

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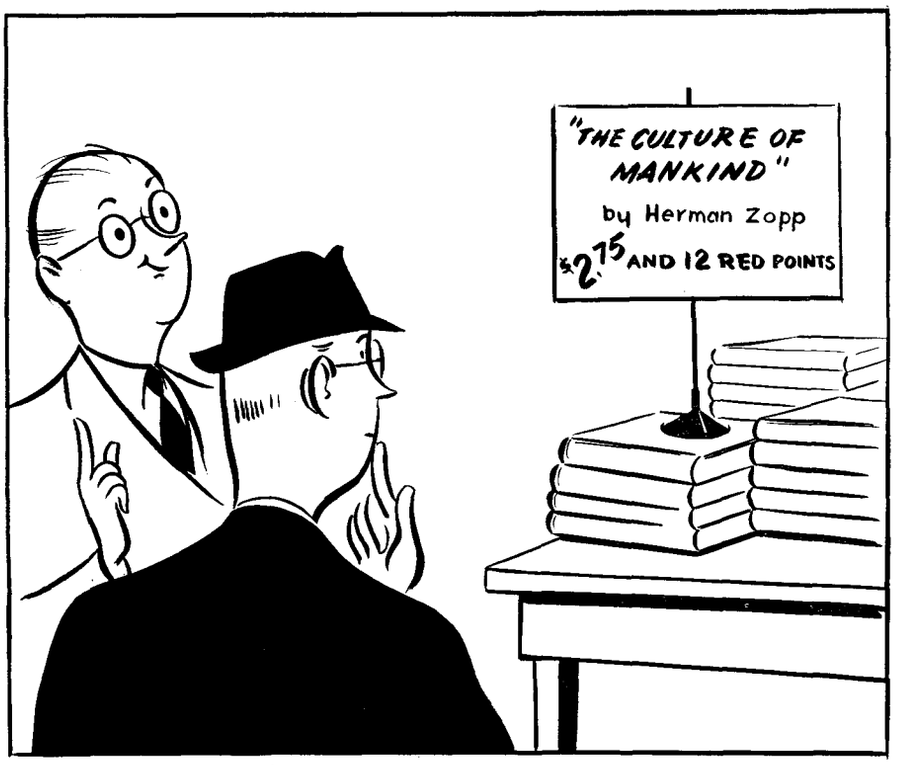


"This is our meaty book department."

sentative American poet recorded their choices of the ten most beautiful words. The British selection was: Carnation, azure, peril, moon, forlorn, heart, silence, shadow, April, and apricot. The American pinned his faith to: Dawn, hush, lullaby, murmuring, tranquil, mist, luminous, chimes, golden, and melody. . . .

A RECENT LITERARY dinner found Carl Van Doren in a richly reminiscent mood. He recalled a vacation time in Nassau when he and Marc Connelly stumbled over two obvious old maids, napping blissfully in the sun on Paradise Beach, a camera in the sands next to them. On an impulse, the distinguished gentlemen snatched up the camera, took it into the men's private solarium, and snapped an entire reel of photographs of luxuriating nude sun worshippers. Then they put the camera back where they had found it. What the maiden ladies said when their films were developed—or what the kodak company said to *them* when the nature of their pictures was discovered—is something for one's imagination to toy with. . . . Another time, Carl and Logan Glendenning found themselves on the same train, bound to fulfil lecture engagements in the same city. Another passenger was a generous and convivial soul with a full bottle of excellent bourbon. One thing, said Carl, led to another. "Did you deliver your lectures O.K.?" he was asked. "We certainly did," he replied. "But Logan delivered my lecture on literature, and I gave his on surgery!" . . .

The discussion came round to little stories and vignettes that were hard to forget. Herbert Mayes, editor of *Good Housekeeping,* remembered a striking one that Meyer Levin did for *Collier's* several years ago.

It was about a little eight-year-old girl in a nearby orphan asylum. She was a gangly, painfully unattractive child, with annoying mannerisms and secretive ways that set her apart from the others. She was shunned by the children and actively disliked by the teachers. The head of the institution longed only for a legitimate excuse to pack her off to a reform school, or get her out of the place some other way.

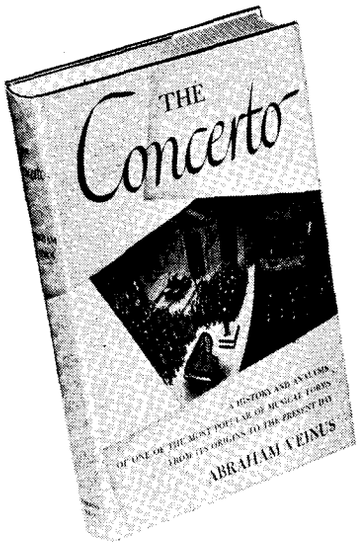
One afternoon it looked as though her opportunity had arrived. The girl who was the child's very unwilling roommate reported that she was conducting a clandestine correspondence with somebody outside the grounds. "I've seen her write these notes every day for a week now," she reported. "Just a little while ago she took one of them and hid it in a tree near the brick wall."

The head of the asylum and her assistant could scarcely conceal their elation. "We'll soon get to the bottom of this," they agreed. "Show us where she left the note."

Sure enough, they found the note in the branches of the tree. The headmistress pounced on it. Then she hung her head and passed it silently to her assistant.

It read: "To whoever finds this: I love you."

BENNETT CERF.



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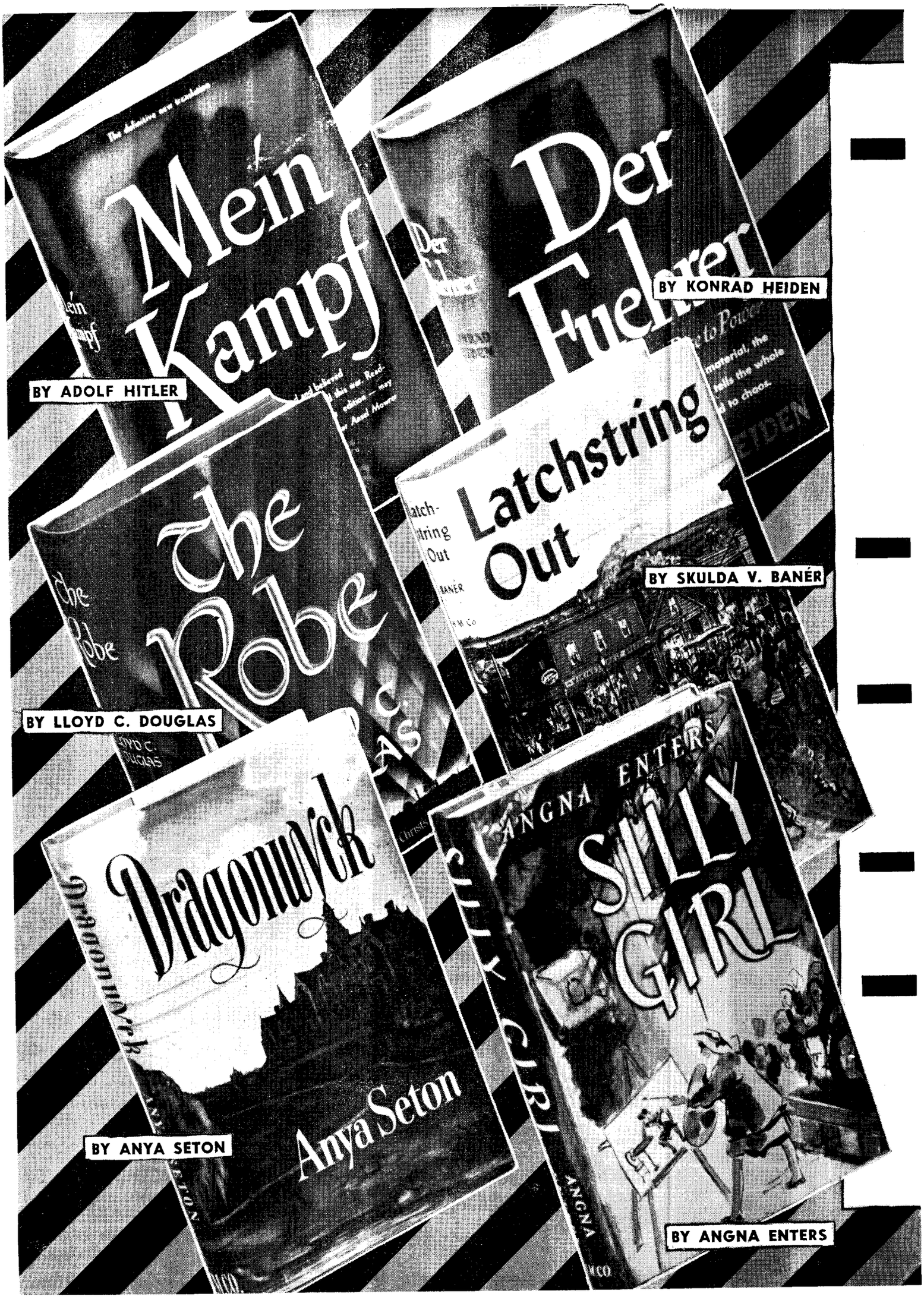

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Why is it our age which must crush the tyranny? ● Why is it we who must meet the ordeal? ● Why is it America who must send her men to fight on six continents and on seven seas? ● In part it is our fault and our misfortune; in part it is our fortune, for we have been given history's greatest role.

We cannot play this role as we must play it unless we understand the force we fight against. ● MEIN KAMPF, by Adolf Hitler, is the bible of Naziism, Germany's master plan. DER FUEHRER is "the greatest book on Naziism ever written." ● These two extraordinary books are neither short nor elementary, but they are primers nonetheless for every American who has lent his brain and hand to the battle against "the cruelest tyranny." ● Read **MEIN KAMPF.** Read **THE FUEHRER.**
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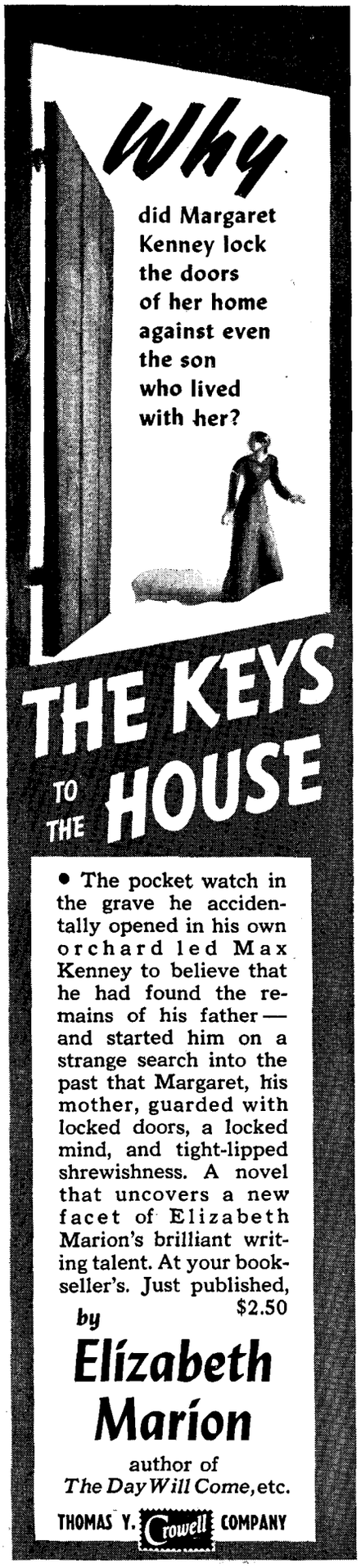
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Foreign Policy Association Has an Anniversary

HOUSTON PETERSON

NOW that nearly everyone with a typewriter is becoming a specialist in foreign affairs and laying down peace plans for five years or five centuries, it may be well to call attention to some veterans in the vineyard and their invaluable series of short books that are not reviewed in ordinary channels or ballyhooed on the radio. The "Headline" series of the Foreign Policy Association is not widely enough read simply because it is not widely enough known—and that is a shame, for it can render a great service at this crucial moment in American history. Here I am not attempting a review but acknowledging a deep debt in public.

The Foreign Policy Association, which recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, is a non-profit organization founded "to carry on research and educational activities to aid in the understanding and constructive development of American foreign policy." After several years of tentative exploration, the Association became centered around a professional research department which began to publish in 1925 a weekly news *Bulletin* and a semi-monthly *Report*. Those Foreign Policy *Reports*, of which some four hundred and sixty have been published, make a story in themselves; so objective, so thoroughly documented, and yet so compact, they have become a "must" to any journalist, government official, or teacher who pretends to be a student of foreign affairs.

To reach a far wider public, the Department of Popular Education was organized and in 1935 the "Headline Books" were started under the editorship of Ryllis Alexander Goslin. At first about fifteen thousand words in length, they now run from twenty to twenty-two thousand, along with charts, maps, and occasional cartoons, all smartly put up in a convenient five-by-nine size. They are not composed in a fine, unscholarly frenzy and rushed smoking to the press; nor, on the other hand, are they written in a colorless, chemically pure style that is supposedly suited for laymen. In consequence the Headline Books were *not only timely when published* but most of the forty-four remain useful today—a solid and unique contribution to that enlightened public opinion which should ultimately determine foreign policy.

SOME of the early titles, of course, may now make us smirk with the bitter wisdom of hindsight: "War Tomorrow—Will We Keep Out?"; "Peace in Party Platforms"; "War Drums and Peace Plans"; "Billions for Defense"; "War in China—America's Role in the Far East"—but they were necessary steps in clarification. In Number 15, "Shadow Over Europe—The Challenge of Nazi Germany," by Shephard Stone, published on the morrow of Munich, we find a typically brilliant summary of the situation, which still gives us goose pimples and which future historians will be able to adapt *in toto*. Number 17, "The Good Neighbors—The Story of the Two Americas," by Delia Goetz and Varian Fry, was the first of several keen, unsentimental introductions to Latin America, including a neat job by Hubert Herring, "Mexico—the Making of a Nation." In this connection the Foreign Policy Association, with funds from the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, has recently experimented with a documentary film, "The Bridge," showing the tremendous humane uses the airplane will have for the isolated peoples of mountainous South America.

Picking and choosing at random, we look at Number 20, "Human Dynamite—the Story of Europe's Minorities," by that shrewd foreign correspondent, Henry C. Wolfe. Published in October, 1939, the first of the series to appear during the war, it grows more relevant as peace approaches, for un-

(*Continued on page* 40)

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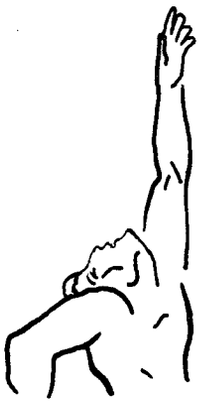

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KENNETH FEARING in *The New York Times Book Review*

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(*Continued from page* 36)

less the minority problem is solved better than it was last time, "Europe will once again be at war." Religious and national or cultural minorities, not to mention "minorities of opinion," are indeed dynamite—and not only in Europe!

"Spotlight on the Balkans," by Stoyan Pribichevich, is a distillation of his fascinating, full-length volume, "World Without End." Although nobody can really *simplify* the Balkans, Mr. Pribichevich gives us a vivid sense of their volcanic complexity and so he is an aid, not only with the war news but with many obscure sections of "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon."

In the month before Pearl Harbor the whole global picture was ominously outlined by Vera Micheles Dean in "The Struggle for World Order." Mrs. Dean, the research director of the Foreign Policy Association, both speaks and writes with grace and zest from a great store of knowledge. Her good, cool sense showed to advantage in "Russia at War—Twenty Key Questions and Answers" which followed a similar book on Germany by Joseph C. Harsch, the veteran correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor*.

The six latest numbers of the Headline Books, published during the past year, have reached a very high level. Anyone who has been impressed by the powerful lectures of Dr. John S. Badeau, Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences of the American University at Cairo, will welcome his "East and West of Suez: The Story of the Modern Near East," and supplement it with an earlier Headline Book, "The Puzzle of Palestine," by David F. Popper. In the same way, William C. Johnstone's recent study of "The Changing Far East" will be enriched by several other numbers in the series such as "Clash in the Pacific" (1935) and "Shadow over Asia—The Rise of Militant Japan" (1941).

Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones has said that Africa was "formerly the Great Dark Continent and the Continent of Great Misunderstanding," but it is now

the "Continent of Great Opportunities and Great Responsibilities." It behooves Americans especially to know at least a little of that vast region fraught with horror and hope—and one may well begin with "Look at Africa," by W. G. and M. S. Woolbert.

Some weeks before Walter Lippmann's "U. S. Foreign Policy: Shield of the Republic" burst into the news, "America's Foreign Policies: Past and Present," by Thomas Bailey, appeared in the "Headline" series. Professor Bailey of Stanford University has long been an expert on American diplomatic history and recently addressed the American Historical Association, more in sorrow than in anger, on Woodrow Wilson's twenty-one "peace-making blunders." He sees our fundamental foreign policy as a problem in public opinion. "Since, in the long run, the people usually get what they want, it follows that if we are to improve our foreign policy, we must improve the understanding of the average citizen. Narrowness, intolerance, bigotry, and demagoguery fatten on ignorance." "Upon every citizen in our democracy rests a solemn obligation to inform himself so that he may shape his foreign policy along constructive lines."

In "Mainsprings of World Politics," Brooks Emeny, President of the Cleveland Council on World Affairs, discusses realistically the geographic, economic, demographic, and strategic factors with special reference to the postwar position of the United States, but he does not go geopolitical in the harsh and narrow sense which Lin Yutang denounces as "the science of the bloody earth." Dr. Emeny speaks for a growing number of people in the valley of democracy.

As a sequel to "The Struggle for World Order," we now have Mrs. Dean's "On the Threshold of World Order," the latest and perhaps the best of all the Headline Books. It is a pleasure to find a paragraph review in *The New Republic* beginning with this sentence: "Here is the ablest and most even-tempered summary of the major postwar political issues that has come out in a long time." In the various combined boards, staffs, and committees of the United Nations, Mrs. Dean sees the "real living substance of wartime international coöperation" and the fundamental pattern of international coöperation after the war.

Unquestionably Vera Micheles Dean is a figure to reckon with among the hundreds who are writing on world affairs. She is more learned than most of them and more sanguine than many but her hopes never get in the way of her understanding. May I take this opportunity to nominate her for an important position in the American Delegation at the Peace Conference?

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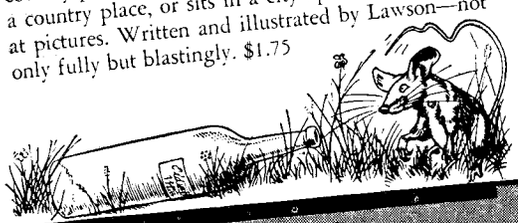

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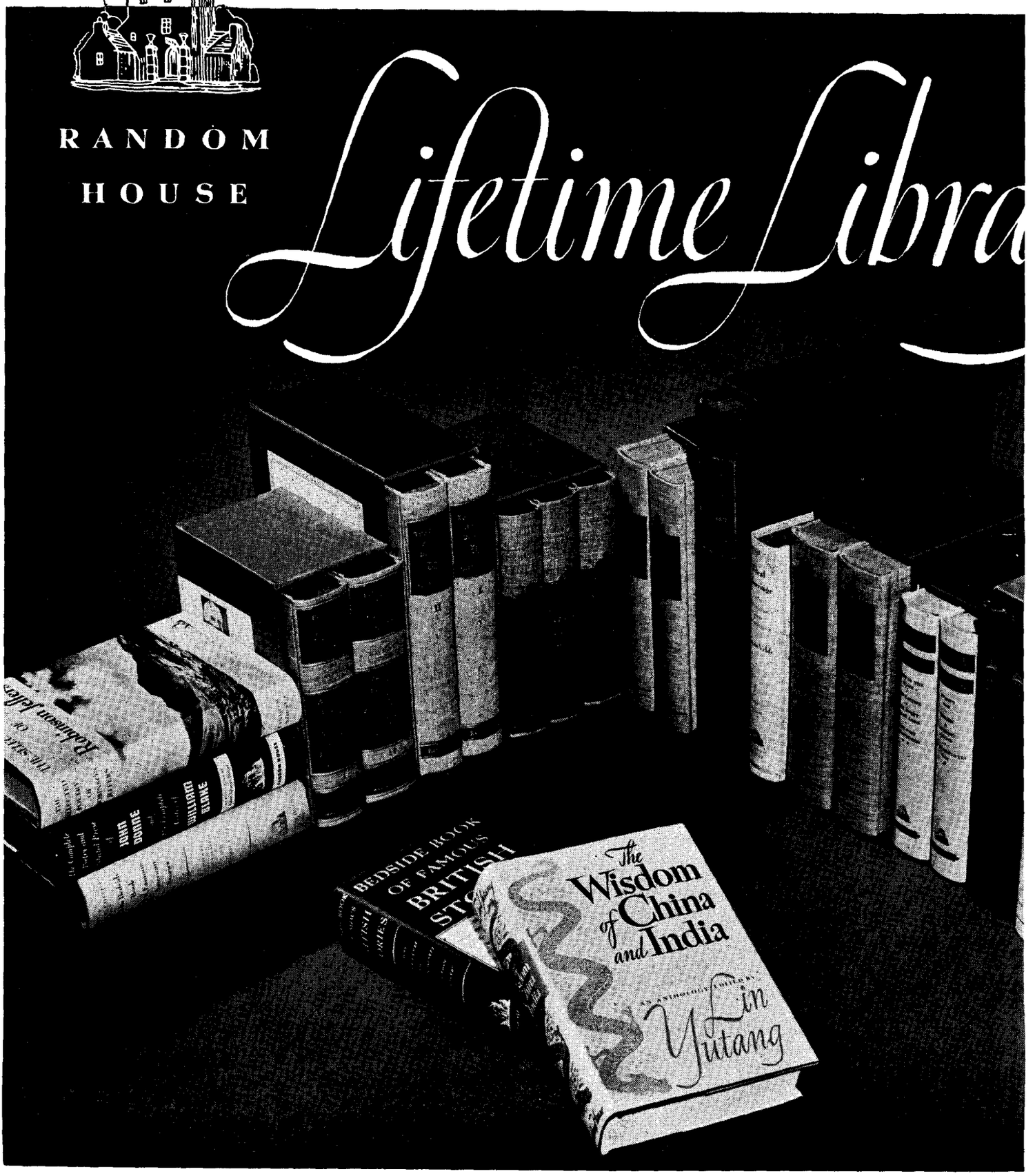

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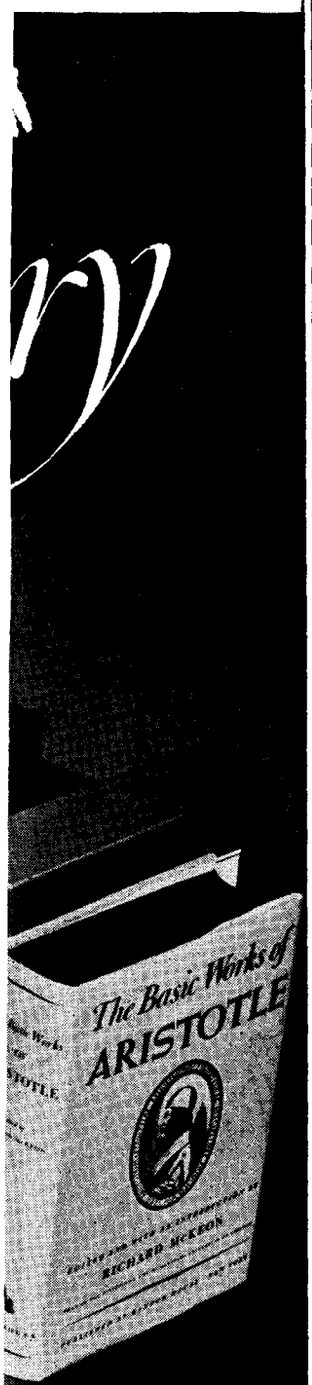

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Under the Gibbings Moon

GOOD-BY, MR. CHIPPENDALE. By T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings. Illustrated by Mary Petty. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 110 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by RICHARDSON WRIGHT

MR. ROBSJOHN-GIBBINGS, an apostle of the understatement in interior decoration, has acquired no little réclame of late for creating rooms that are simple, cool, severe, and slightly reminiscent of the Far East. Come from England, where he had the advantage of a thorough grounding in the historic period styles and the use of antiques, he has, since his descent on New York, gleefully defenestrated all of them. Out the window with the whole kit and caboodle! He doesn't even bother to kiss his hand when he shoves Mr. Chippendale off the sill.

Antiques, antique dealers, interior decorators, and familiar decorating styles are anathema to him—all except, of course, those designed by Robsjohn-Gibbings. The modern craze for the antique he attributes to that era when the young milords of England took the Continental tour as a finish for their education, sopped up all the likker they could hold, and came home staggering under loads of old junk from chateaux and palaces that they had picked up for a few drunken songs. When these wastrels and their descendants wanted to turn those artistic oddments into cash, a group of super old-clothes men took them over. And that, my children, was how the antique dealer met your great, great grandmother. It's too bad the author didn't look into the antique trade and the fake antique traffic of the Renaissance.

Having let down his hair on that subject, Mr. R-G turns to tracing the history of decorative taste in this country from the 1890's until the present hour. A concise and wholly admirable epitome he gives us. But it is when he reaches the recent Golden Era which saw interior decorators lending a hand to social competition that he starts throwing custard pies.

Without regard for the age or reputation of his targets, he hurls his verbal tarts alike at the septuagenarian Lady Mendl (Elsie de Wolfe to you) and the younger and more flamboyant Dorothy Draper. The estimable Ruby Ross Wood and Emily Post both get socked square in the eye. Nor does he entertain gladly the magazines, many of them having given him generous publicity, which display mildly opulent decoration distasteful to the contemporary tenets of threadbare functionalism or dare to print architecture that fails to conform strictly to the preachments of the venerable Frank Lloyd Wright.

Much of what he says about decorators and decorating of the past thirty years is all too true. No one with a grain of sense or a sliver of memory would dream of denying it. Much of what he says is very amusing—in a smarty-pants way. Miss Petty's illustrations ably aid and abet him.

Among their chintzes and fringes, their sleek reproductions of antiques and junky bibelots, the decorating girls and boys will have many a giggle to themselves over his merry quips. A few may groan with envy because they haven't been mentioned. Others will be grateful that he didn't shy petits-fours at them. It is doubtful if the general public will know or care what this battle of the cakes is all about, under the Gibbings moon.

Then, having slain his New York foes and run out of bakery goods, Mr. R-G turns to something the public can understand. He sets his lance for a serious, solemn St. George crusade. No more merry quips. White banner, clanking armor, snorting horse, and all, he rides forth to slay the dragon of Grand Rapids. For years said dragon has been blowing its malevolent breath into the homes of this fair land. Clash battleaxe and ring sword! Down with their filthy Early American, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Chippendale! Heap faggots on their borax lines! Smash the case goods! Rescue the lily white maid of taste from her senile traducers! Proclaim the new freedom! And all the time poor old Grand Rapids has been thinking it had reformed.

Maybe Mr. R-G will win the fray, maybe he won't. Maybe his is a voice crying in the wilderness, maybe it is just crying to itself. Anyhow, it's all good, clean fun.

—*George Platt Lynes*

T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings

What Makes Electrons Dance

MR. TOMPKINS EXPLORES THE ATOM. By G. C. Gamow. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1944. 97 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

PROFESSOR G. C. GAMOW, a distinguished Russian physicist who is now on the faculty of George Washington University, supplements his volume on "Mr. Tompkins in Wonderland" with a new one on atomic physics. There is no more difficult subject to present in popular language than this. We enter a world in which events are more important than substance and in which the so-called laws of nature break down, with the result that entirely new mathematical procedures had to be devised to explain what happens when electrons dance in their orbits and projectiles disrupt the nucleus of an atom.

Professor Gamow evidently believes that by presenting his message in the words of the simple Mr. Tompkins, who knows nothing about physics, he will reach an audience that is no wiser. It may be so. Yet to this reviewer the not always successful attempts at humorously depicting Mr. Tompkins's state of mind are a hindrance rather than a help in explaining the atom's intricacies.

As a leader in theoretical physics Professor Gamow knows what he is talking about. He has imagination, and he explains what the physicists do and think with a simplicity and clarity rarely achieved by the reportorial type of popularizer. He explains everything that the reader should know about the efforts of the atom-smashers to prove the secret of matter. The statistical approach is well handled in an introductory chapter. Mr. Tompkins attends some admirable lectures on the reality of atoms, on the internal structure of the atom, on Dirac's theory (confirmed by experiment) that holes in space or vacuua are populated by negative electrons, and on the nucleus of the atom now supposed to be composed of protons and neutrons.

There is no doubt in this reviewer's mind that Professor Gamow has done a highly effective piece of work. The historical basis of atomic research is laid and on it a structure is reared that anybody with a high-school education can understand. As a popularizer of science Gamow has few peers. Would that more professors would step down from pedestals and follow his example.

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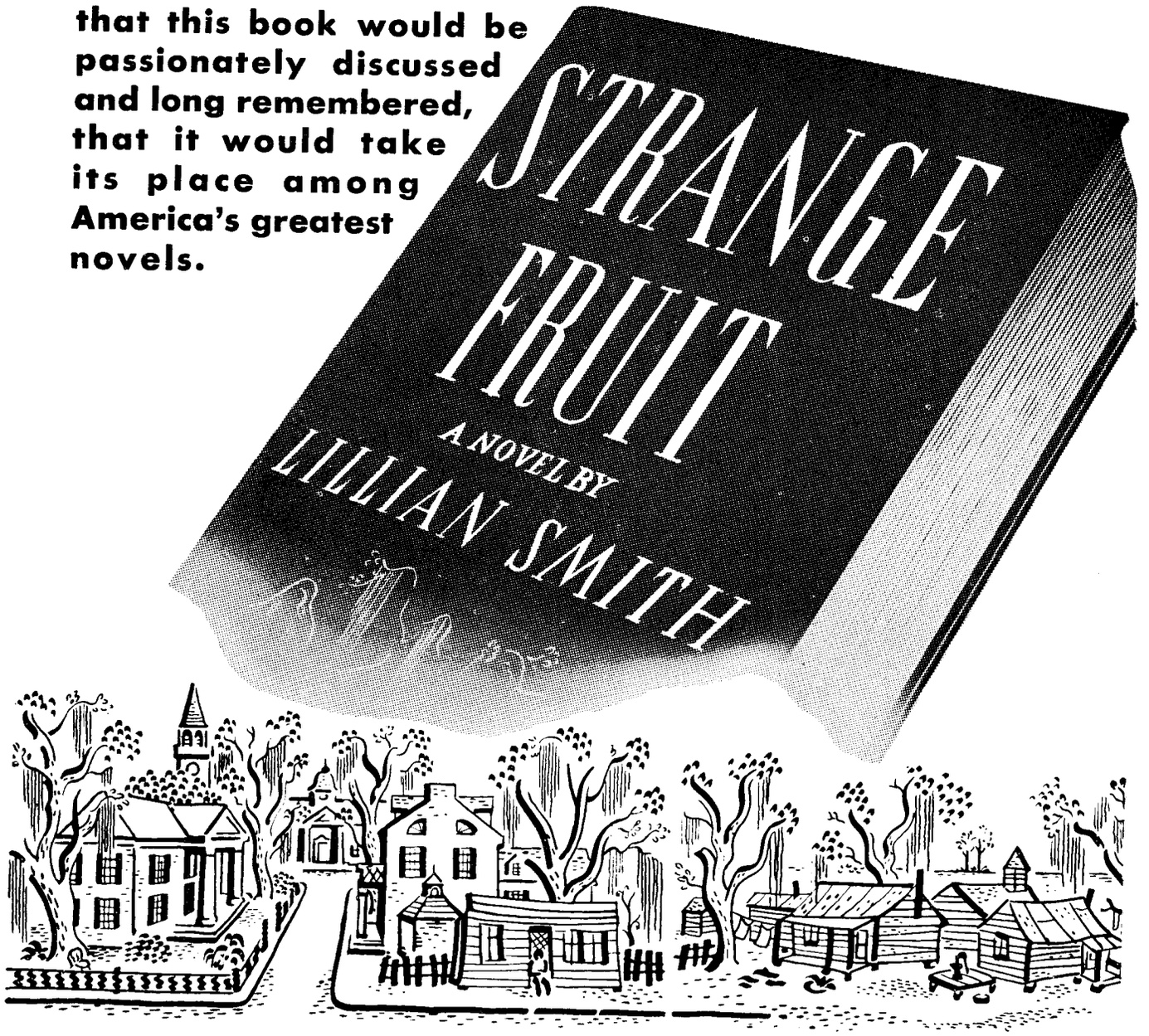

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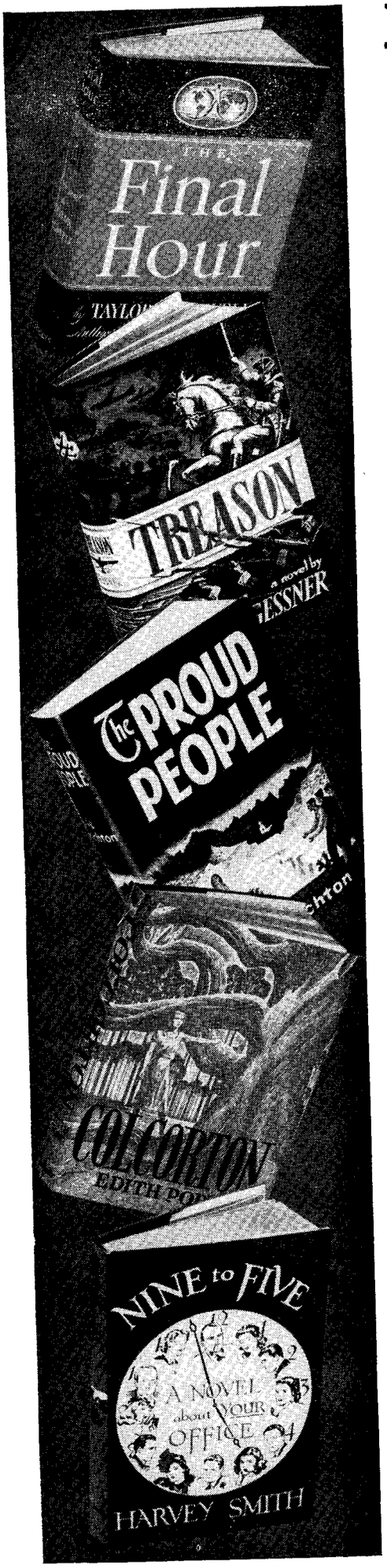

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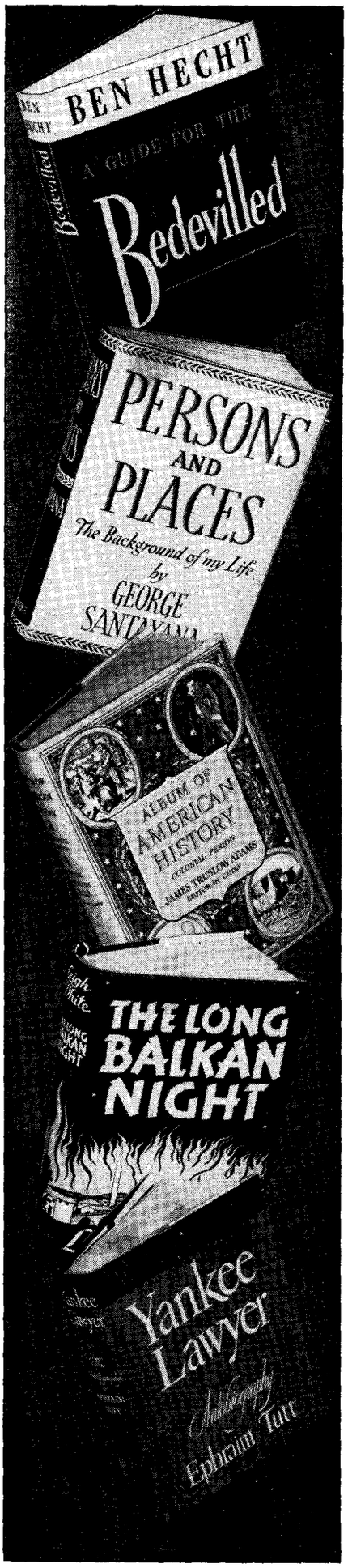

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AUGUST 5, 1944

Condensed Chronicle

FOUR YEARS. A Chronicle of World War II by Months, September 1939-September 1943. By Adrian Van Sinderen. New York: Coward-McCann. 1944. 206 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

ACCORDING to the blurb, Mr. Van Sinderen is a distinguished banker and a man active in civic and philanthropic endeavors. These qualities and his travels abroad, his publisher suggests, make him peculiarly fitted for the formidable, yet thankless, task of writing a short and, at the same time, comprehensive account of the first four years of the war. The fruitless search for such a volume prompted the author to take notes himself, from books, broadcasts, and public records, and to compile, in 194 pages, what he considers the major events of four years of war. The narrative is limited to an unlinked month-by-month report.

Mr. Van Sinderen is, of course, right in desiring that a short and yet precise reference text of the war's history be made available. But it must be doubted whether so condensed a chronicle as this is the answer. Several books have been published which summarize and appraise the story of the war in a lucid way (for instance, Haines and Hoffman's, "The Origins and Background of the Second War," and the lectures prepared by the War Department's Orientation Course).

However, the really serious flaw of Van Sinderen's book stems from the fact that he has obviously not written his report in retrospect, four years after, but has completed his story as time went by. Thus he has not escaped the danger of relating events as they appeared on the world's stage in the dim light of the day, before later happenings clarified and corrected our view. There is the false claim that, after Norway had been invaded on April 9, 1940, "Oslo was recaptured by the British" on April 11. Or to speak of the clashes between French and German troops in September, 1939, as of "a furious battle" is an overstatement if we remember the fury of the real Battle of France, nine months later. And so on. It just seems too early to write this kind of story of the tragedy which, once upon a time on September 1, 1939, began when Hitler told the world that Germany had been attacked by Poland.

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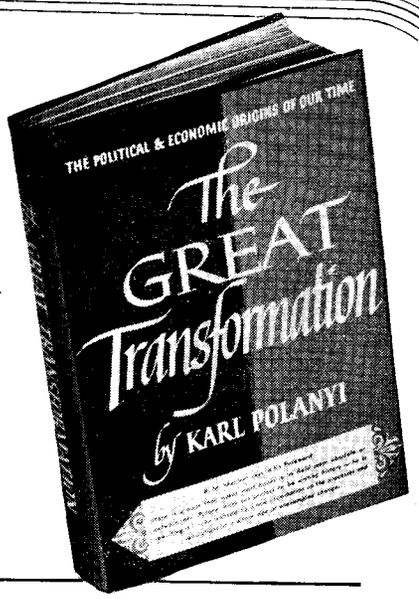

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Adaptability in the Foundation

AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONAL DEVELOPMENT. By Carl Brent Swisher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1944. 1035 *pp., and index.* $6.

Reviewed by GEORGE FORT MILTON

THE story of the adaptation of our Constitution to our changing institutions deserves a large canvas, and Professor Swisher has employed one. But the masses of detail in his volume of more than a thousand pages are handled with a sort of Rubens-baroque line, so that the myriad particulars do not depress and confuse, but give pith and moment to his generalizations. While the author gives chief attention to the Supreme Court's shaping hand, under its doctrine of judicial review, he does not neglect the legislative and executive contenders in this perennial institutional battle for power and prestige.

In the thirty-nine chapters one can turn from a close-up of Jefferson's refusal to heed a Marshall subpoena to testify at the Burr trial, to Jackson's removal of deposits from the Bank of the United States; from the 1919 Holmes doctrine that there must be "clear and present danger" to justify conviction in sedition cases, to the curious story of the 1937 Court fight, in which he suggests that President Roosevelt lost the pitched battle but just about won the campaign.

He has paid close attention to the development of administrative law, and appraises its indispensable aid to efficient government. He depicts shrewdly the change in executive methods under the New Deal, and then again the conversion of our departments and agencies from peace to war, though he could have laid more stress on FDR's apparent inability to make a clear-cut delegation, a defect of the President's qualities which leads to much of the institutional conflict, in-fighting, and sabotage of the battle of Washington.

Professor Swisher quotes, with evident relish, Woodrow Wilson's words in 1908: "Every government is a government of men, not of laws, and of course the courts of the United States are no wiser or better than the judges who constitute them. . . . What we should ask of our judges is that they prove themselves such men as can discriminate between the opinion of the moment and the opinion of the age." They seem the touchstone for his appraisal of the Court's influence on the Constitution and on the country.

Due attention is paid to modernizing the Government, a forty-year ferment which began with Theodore Roosevelt, was followed by Taft's Commission on Economy and Efficiency, and then under Harding, oddly enough, by the institution of an over-all budget which the Executive would submit to the Congress. Today's Bureau of the Budget, closest resemblance to a thinking general staff in our civil establishment, stemmed out of this 1921 legislation, as did that other flower in the garden of administrative management, the Comptroller General.

Franklin Roosevelt's own reorganization program, launched in 1937, fell into the pit of the Court fight, was exhumed the next year in a less ambitious form, but still provoked such diatribes that the President felt it necessary, at 1:45 on the morning of March 30, 1938, to give out a letter to an unnamed friend saying he had neither the inclination nor the qualifications which would make him a successful dictator! Finally, in 1939, a measure was enacted under which the President could propose a "plan" for reorganization; unless the two houses within sixty days passed a concurrent resolution of rejection, it would then go into effect. Action under this new principle of executive initiative and legislative veto has done nothing to justify the fears expressed at the time the legislation went on the statute books.

The author ends with a reassurance to those who fear for the survival of our constitutional system. These should remember that the Federal Government "and its relation to persons and property have always been in transition." At every turning point there have been forebodings of irreparable disaster, but the strength of our constitutional system has been its adaptability, and that of the people, to new conditions. So its survival today chiefly depends "upon preservation of the essentials of our youthfulness."

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MIDWEST BOOK NEWS

Sell-Out: Just 4 days after A. C. Spectorsky's review of "News of the Nation" (edited by Sylvan Hoffman; Garden City Publishing Co.) in Book Week for February 27, the book was sold out in Chicago's Loop. Spectorsky treated the book as a "find" and store buyers say his review sold it.

Max Siegel's suggestion of: "Out of the Midwest" as a title for John T. Frederick's forthcoming anthology of Midwestern literature rang the bell with Whittlesey House, who sent him a check for his inspiration. See review in April 23 issue of BOOK WEEK.

The Romaine Book Shop's ads in Book Week's classified section have built a good mail order business. 150 replies to one ad—from places like Lower, Ia.; Buffalo, Wyo.; Katomah, N. Y.; Bridgewater, S. Dak.; Pardeeville, Wis.

Another Sell-Out: Although published 1½ years ago by the Simon Publications, "Let's Make Mary" was sold out at University of Chicago Book Store recently when the University's Army Students discovered the title and bought some 30 copies in two days.

Dream Come True: Dorothy Sparks of Chicago has had every young author's dream come true . . . her first novel accepted on first submission. The novel is "Nothing as Before." It is one of five first novels on Harper's spring list, proving publishers do give new talent a break.

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The Show Must Go On!

BERNARD SOBEL

A FIRST-NIGHT audience at "The Vortex" watched Noel Coward climax a great scene by sweeping all the cosmetic bottles off a dressing-table. It was a superb piece of stage business, but in making it the actor broke a crystal flaçon, thereby cutting a vein in his wrist. The pain was severe, the injury possibly serious. But Noel Coward, a true son of the theater, simply bound a handkerchief around the throbbing wound—and the show went on.

The show *must* go on! "Quand même"—in spite of everything—as Sarah Bernhardt used to say. Neither illness, mechanical breakdowns, nor other unforeseen buffets of fate, can stay a company of troupers from the scheduled completion of their appointed lines.

Actors admit that they don't really come to life until the curtain rises. But when Morris Gest's "Mecca" was about to open in Chicago, the curtain refused to rise; the hydraulic system had broken down and would take hours to repair. Gest summoned the stage electrician. "What do we need," asked the producer, "to get the curtain up?" "Something pretty powerful," was the answer. "That curtain weighs tons."

"All right," said Gest, with typical "show biz" ingenuity. "Hitch some cables to it, and attach the cables to the elevators at the Congress Hotel across the street!" The cables were connected, the elevators tugged dutifully, and the curtain went up on time.

Bert Wheeler, the famous comedian, playing on a small vaudeville circuit as a young unknown, broke his ankle one night just fifteen minutes before his act was scheduled. He was carried to his dressing room where the house physician strapped the broken member. Five minutes later the manager stormed in, shouting: "You've got to go on, Wheeler, broken ankle or not. You're the only comedy number on the bill and we need you for laughs."

"Let's go, then," gritted Wheeler. "Carry me out and deposit me flat on the stage. I'll do my stuff lying on my stomach." The act, presented in this unconventional manner, went over so well that Wheeler repeated it the next night and for eleven years thereafter; in fact, it brought him stardom with Ziegfeld.

Showfolks face danger as if it were a stage direction. During a performance of "Richard II," the famous tragedian Edwin Booth was delivering the great soliloquy beginning:

> Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
> Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
> Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

A mad man in the balcony rose and fired a pistol at the actor. As the maniac raised his pistol to shoot again, Booth walked fearlessly to the footlights, pointed out the would-be assassin, and cried: "Arrest that man!" While attendants disarmed the fellow, Booth calmly proceeded with his soliloquy.

Not even the menace of flames can halt a performance. Playing in a modern comedy, Billie Burke noticed Richard Rodgers, the composer, sitting in the front row and waving his handkerchief as if to draw her attention to the other side of the stage. Glancing in that direction, Miss Burke discovered that the velvet bell-rope next to the mantelpiece was on fire. She turned to her leading man and, with her usual wide-eyed naivete, adlibbed: "Dear me, that must be one of those horrid short-circuit things." Then with Thespian presence of mind, she pulled a table cover off a mahogany stand, walked to the pull rope, and snuffed out the flames. No one in the audience realized that it wasn't all a part of the play.

Three hours before the opening of "Skylark," Samson Raphaelson had to make numerous changes in the script—changes so extensive that it would have been impossible for the actors to learn them before curtain-time. Raphaelson solved the difficulty by having the new lines "planted" in various pieces of stage property. Some were pasted in the hero's hat where he could read them off verbatim. Oth-

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ers were placed in the handbags of women characters, while still others were pasted on newspapers and open books. Gertrude Lawrence's lines were written on a sheet of music, then placed on a music-rack which was part of the scene. The show proceeded without a hitch.

Sometimes a lost property imperils a big moment in a play. When Lily Langtry, for instance, discovered that the camellia essential to the love-scene in "Camille" was missing, she hurried desperately to the wings and called for anything that would take its place. Someone shoved a leafy object into her hand, whereupon Langtry returned to the stage and said to her: "Take this flower, Armand. It is rare, pale, cold, and sensitive as purity itself. Cherish it, and its beauty will excel the loveliest flower that grows." Then she handed him half a stick of celery, a leftover from a stagehand's lunch.

Claire Luce once persuaded Florenz Ziegfeld to secure a live ostrich for her to ride in a "Follies" parade. The

bird was shipped from a Florida zoo; then someone discovered, the day before the premiere, that the molting season had begun. The ostrich began to shed its feathers one by one; on the day of the opening it was stark naked.

Excitement backstage was intense until one of the stage managers got the idea of rushing down to the costumer Daziens, and buying his entire stock of ostrich fans. These fluffy ornaments were torn apart, then glued plume by plume onto the body of the bewildered bird.

Stars, of course, have understudies who can pinch-hit in an emergency. But when misfortune overtakes some minor character, there is usually a frantic half-hour spent in seeking a substitute. During the run of "The American Way," McKay Morris, snatching a hasty lunch, bit his tongue which began to swell so rapidly that he couldn't speak. In distress, he rushed out of his dressing room and signaled the first person he saw, who happened to be Ruth Weston. In three minutes, she memorized eleven lines, then walked onto the stage and spoke them—the first time on record that a woman played a man's role to keep the show going. Fortunately, however, the scene was a political rally and her own part being that of a suffragette, the substitution surprised no one but the cast.

Animals that go in for a stage career seem inspired to play their parts no matter what happens. Heroic was the behavior of fifteen fox-terriers in an act called "The Happy Family." Their devoted trainer took them out every day for a walk, but on a particular afternoon the little group passed a garage in front of which a battery full of sulphuric acid had been emptied. The dogs' feet were so badly burned that the trainer could scarcely get his pets back to the theater. Here, almost weeping, he strove to relieve their pain with vaseline and medicated powder. The animals, dogged troupers that they were, were able to go on as scheduled, performing every trick expertly. At the conclusion of the act, however, the trainer declared that he wouldn't permit the animals to perform again until they were out of pain. But next day on hearing their cue, the dogs started such a tempestuous barking that the trainer was forced to let them do their act as usual.

"The only sick actor is a dead actor," Frank Bacon once said. Judith Evelyn demonstrated this adage anew only a few weeks ago. Ill with the flu, she was faced with the double responsibility of first playing in her own show, "Angel Street," and after that starring in the premiere of the radio show, "Mrs. Miniver." Feverish and weak, she should have stayed in bed. Instead, she went valiantly to the theater, played a long, exacting role until the middle of the last act, then collapsed on the stage. An ordinary woman would have given up for the evening, but when Miss Evelyn was revived by her doctor she insisted on being lifted into a taxi and carried to the radio station. Too ill to stand, she went through her part, swathed in blankets and propped up in a chair. If there be an actors' Valhalla, the old footlight gods must have been up there plugging for Judith Evelyn that night.

Marie Ouspenskaya, the distinguished seventy-seven-year-old character actress, established an all-time record for hardihood while appearing in "Outrageous Fortune." Threatened with lobar pneumonia, Madame Ouspenskaya had a temperature of 104°. Her physician, Dr. William M. Hitzig, forbade her appearance at the theater that night. But Ouspenskaya, who had no understudy, realized that if she did not appear, the show would have to close. Defying doctors and nurses, the veteran trouper slipped out of the house and played her long, difficult role at the literal risk of her life.

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hazard that stagefolk are obliged to hurdle. Grief, shock, and bereavement must be taken in the actor's stride. Half an hour before Lou Costello was scheduled to broadcast on a coast-to-coast hook-up, he learned that his infant son had tumbled into a swimming pool and was drowned. Prostrate with grief, Costello went on the air and without a break in his voice clowned his way through the performance.

Mary Martin, delectable stripteuse of "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" fame, learned late one afternoon that her father had died. Broadway sat on the edge of its seat that evening as Mary went through her number. Her heart certainly belonged to Daddy that night, but it also belonged to the great stage tradition that transcends human love and suffering.

Once the curtain is up, not even death can stop the show. The audience at the Roxy Theatre May 12, 1942, roared with laughter at Joe Jackson the cycling comic, as he stole a bicycle from a store, pedalled around the stage on the hind wheel, pulled the contraption apart, then slid off-stage in a trick finish. No sooner did he reach the wings than he died of heart failure. But Joe Jackson's act had several minutes to run. The audience couldn't be let down, so Joe Jackson, Jr., his son, leapt onto his Dad's bike and finished the act. Pagliacci stuff? No doubt about it. But it's all part of the inexorable, though unwritten, law of the theater—the show must go on!

Medical Missionary in Mexico

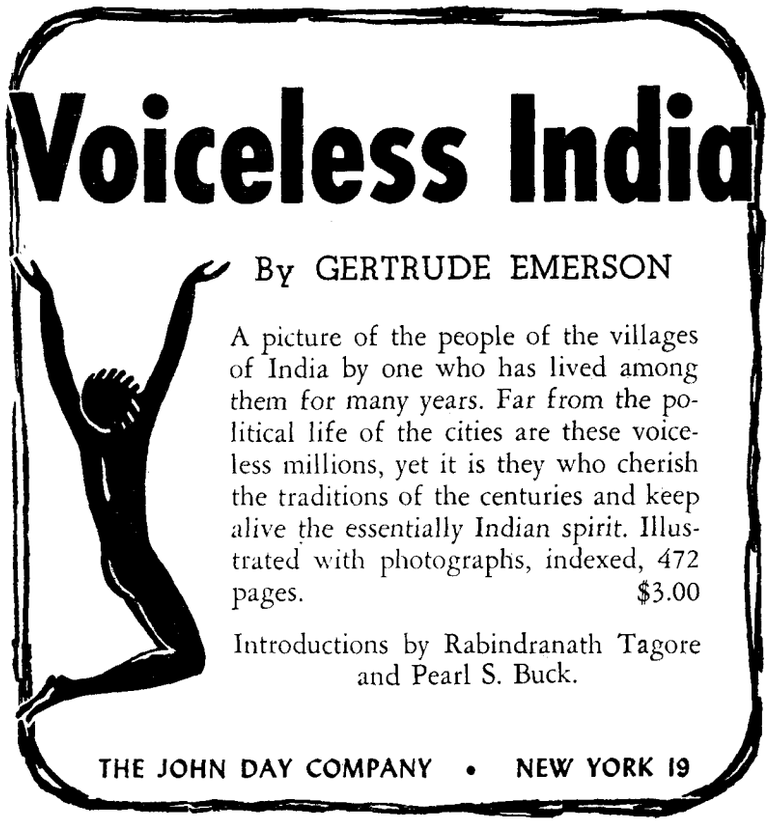
DOCTORA IN MEXICO. By Olive Floyd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1944. 270 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

DOCTOR KATHERINE NEEL DALE'S life distinctly bears telling and knowing about. Born in South Carolina in 1872, at a time when teaching was the only occupation thought sufficiently genteel for a Southern girl of good family, she broke all the rules that would have frustrated her ambition to heal both bodies and souls, by going north to study medicine at the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania. After interneship at the Woman's Hospital in New York, she became a medical missionary assigned to the village of Cuidad del Maiz in Mexico, where her sister had preceded her as a school teacher. Cuidad del Maiz, 6,000 miles above sea level, had a population of 30,000, one qualified doctor, and a number of herb-and-ointment experts among the native old women, who looked with horror and scorn on science in the guise of a pretty young foreigner and a Protestant. Her first case, however, helped break down the prejudice against her. This was an Indian woman with a very high fever, whose previous treatment for a disease diagnosed by the local witch doctor as "enchantment," had consisted of hot poultices of ashes and cockroaches, and baking out the fever by lying on a plank in the sun for a whole week. When the young American physician tried to take the patient's temperature, the thermometer aroused the greatest terror. Dr. Neel did not press the matter, but recognizing the symptoms as malarial fever, gave the woman a capsule of iron and quinine, which seemed to work a miraculous cure and which spread wide the new doctor's fame.

Two years after beginning her Mexican mission, Katherine Neel married the serious young Reverend James Gary Dale, whom she had met at a Cleveland Missionary Conference, and who had followed her to Mexico to take up his own mission—first the winning of Katherine and then the winning of Indian souls. With minor interruptions for vacations and one long break following the overthrow of Diaz, the Dales spent their lives in Mexico, where medicine, education, and Protestantism worked together to reduce the natives from the ignorance and disease to which their poverty and religious fanaticism had condemned them. Five sturdy and gifted children, of whom four survived to lead rich and useful lives of their own, were born to the pair. Doctor Dale died in 1941, after a gruelling career that involved the care of as many as 18,000 patients in a year and the delivery of thousands of babies, but the work of the Dale family still goes on in the school and the modern hospital they built.

The direct and forthright genius which guided this noble woman's life and activities unhappily seems to have been denied the recorder of them. Miss Floyd brought much affection and sympathy to her work, but she was evidently unwilling to forego the temptation to be literary. Her attempts to build in her earlier chapters an appropriately aristocratic Southern background slow up the story and seem for a time headed toward one of those painful kinfolks-and-fried-chicken fictionized biographies such a subject assuredly does not merit. When she moves to Mexico, however, she is on firmer ground; ground, moreover, which the veracity of her descriptions, even to the very taste of the fine sun-baked Mexican dust eternally spiraling up from the limitless fields, shows that she has explored. It is a great pity that the personality of the doctor herself should nevertheless be obscured, rather than revealed, by a prose style of flatness and sentimentality and by the author's inability to subordinate detail, however arresting, to the main intention.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AN
Open Letter
from
Sherlock
Holmes

221B BAKER STREET
LONDON

I AM BAFFLED. I admit it. I cannot fathom the public's increasing tendency to inquire into my private affairs. My tastes and hobbies; the character of my friends, the personality of my dentist; even so exceedingly personal a matter as my addiction to drugs arouses this strange curiosity. My confrère, Dr. Watson, has also been subjected to constant queries about his medical practice and his amatory experiences. Mrs. Hudson, my housekeeper, has reached the end of her patience in turning away importunate visitors.

For this reason, thirty-three of my good friends — among them Elmer Davis, Christopher Morley, Rex Stout, Alexander Woollcott, Dorothy L. Sayers, Anthony Boucher, Vincent Starrett — have written a book that does, in effect, carry the reader behind the closed door of 221B Baker Street — which is evidently where most readers want to be. Edgar W. Smith has been good enough to edit the compilation, and Louis Untermeyer has graciously supplied an introduction.

I have permitted them to include a number of hitherto secret records, such as my case-annotated maps of England and The World, my genealogical chart and coat of arms, and a variety of portraits and sketches by Julian Brazelton and Frederic Dorr Steele.

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH SCHOLARS?

(*Continued from page* 19)

fessional stylists—as writers of eloquence and rhetoric. The whirligig of time has brought in its revenges; we "scholars" who were once condemned by the scientists, and left with the "wits" because we wrote with eloquence and rhetoric, are now cast out by the "wits" because we write with neither! While our present situation goes back in some degree to this earlier period in which "scholarship" began to go one way, "eloquence" another, there is a more immediate explanation for the fact that, at least in America, even literary scholars seem to have come to distrust style and rhetoric.

Well down into the nineteenth century, the language of "wits" and the language of "scholars" in literary fields still remained closer together than to the language of "scientists." And in the British Isles, as I have said, the word *scholarship* in such fields still does not have the unpleasant connotation which it has developed among us. Something happened during the last quarter of the nineteenth century which helps to explain the situation we find today. Only toward the end of the nineteenth century did "literary" studies in the academic world begin to include the modern languages and literatures. When English literature began to "creep and intrude and climb into the fold," it met with sharp opposition from those shepherds who had been so long in charge of the hungry sheep. English, as an academic study, was suspect because it was not a "discipline" (by which I suppose our fathers implied that it was not difficult enough!). To protect themselves against the arguments of their antagonists, the classicists, the early "scholars" in modern literatures found it necessary to justify their "discipline."

IN the United States the initial steps in making English—and other modern literatures—into "disciplines" were taken by scholars, who put in the place of Latin and Greek other "difficult" hurdles for candidates to leap: Old and Middle High German, Old Norse, Gothic, Icelandic, and so on. At this period Germany rather than Great Britain became their spiritual home. As a result of the annual academic exodus to German universities, there came about that phenomenon so familiar in graduate studies in English: emphasis upon Germanic linguistics as an essential part of an advanced degree in English literature.

But there was a second result of the academic hegira to Germany. As the classics lost ground and ceased to be influential antagonists, another more formidable foe—science—reared its ugly head in academic halls. It was not quite so necessary now that English studies should be linguistic (though old habits die hard). It was essential that they be able to prove themselves "scientific." In Germany, more than anywhere else, the "scientific method" had been developed. Our wandering scholars of the early twentieth century came back, fired with the belief that there was a "scientific method of research" in literature, as in the sciences. *Facts* became all-important to them, as to the scientists. "Research" implied the discovery of new facts. No matter what we may think of the "scientific method" as applied to literary subjects (I myself do not believe there is any such animal), we cannot deny the value of the research of this generation so far as the discovery of *facts* is concerned—facts about language, about authors, about manuscripts, about books. This German-trained generation had important qualities; it had also defects of those very qualities. While many of them "mastered learning's dry hand," they were inclined to forget, "still, there's the comment." They were more concerned with the accumulation than with the interpretation of facts. Worse still, they came to develop the belief which the scientists had had so long, that *rhetoric* and *eloquence* are antithetic to *truth*. Beauty in writing is not truth; and certainly truth is not beautiful! The style of *scientia* became, like its method, scientific. The "scholars" parted company with the "wits." The "thesis style developed space. We lost "eloquentis."

From this period of "research" we are only now emerging. Newer attitudes, other methods are coming into literary studies; some older ones, drawn from the period when we were one with the "wits," are being revived. The situation in scholarly writing is better than it has been; but we still have a long way to go. If we cannot return to a period when the language of "scholars" was a language of eloquence and beauty, we may at least develop those ideals of clarity, lucidity, precision which made for great writing of another sort. We may be able to eliminate that ugly word *thesis* from our academic vocabularies. Perhaps in time we who spend our lives in *writing about* great writers may do them honor by writing about them well.

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ALMANAC FOR SPRING READING

(*Continued from page* 13)

autobiographical record of the experiences of a South American child and her mother.

"The Thurber Merry-Go-Round" (Harpers), by James Thurber. "War Criminals and Punishment" (McBride), by George Creel. "The Pacific World" (Norton), by Fairfield Osborn (Keep your eye out for this one; it's a good one.) "The Timber Beast" (Scribners), by Archie Binns.

May 1

The long-time publicity director of the National Democratic Committee, Charles Michaelson, writes what is virtually a political history of the Roosevelt administration in "The Ghost Walks" (Putnam).

May 2

"The Day Is Coming" (Macmillan), by William Cameron, is a blast against the injustice which the author feels has been visited upon the working man. . . . Relief from problems of a tortured world in a taut novel of the Old South, "The Red Cock Crows" (Macmillan), by Frances Gaither, is offered today. . . . "Omnipotent Government" (Yale University Press), by Ludwig von Mises, is a study of "the rise of the total state and total war."

May 4

The Grand Old Man of South Africa, who has had one biography already this season, gets another in René Kraus's "Old Master: The Life of Jan Christian Smuts" (Dutton). . . . The unique experiences of a Victorian Englishwoman who served as teacher in an oriental court are recounted in Margaret M. Landon's "Anna and the King of Siam" (John Day).

May 9

Murder and its unraveling make a lively brew in "A. T. S. Mystery" (Macmillan), by Gilbert Coverack. . . . An Englishman views our Chief Executive in Compton Mackenzie's "Mr. Roosevelt" (Dutton). . . . Readers of "The Tharrus Three" will welcome its sequel, "Farewell to Tharrus" (Macmillan), by C. M. McLean, issued this day.

May 10

One of the best of the war novels, exciting, charming, and written with distinction, makes its appearance in H. E. Bates's "Fair Stood the Wind for France" (Little, Brown). . . . Sir Osbert Sitwell, one of England's famous writing trio, begins the annals of his life and his family in the beautifully written "Left Hand, Right Hand" (Little, Brown). . . . Markoosha Fischer, wife of the foreign correspondent Louis Fischer, writes reminiscences of her past in "My Lives in Russia" (Harpers).

May 11

In a moving and pathetic tale, entitled "Lost Island" (Little, Brown), James Norman Hall, ace of the First World War and ever since resident on Tahiti, depicts the blighting of the serene course of life on a Pacific atoll when the United States establishes a military base there. . . . "Transit" (Little, Brown), by Anna Seghers, once again as in "Seventh Cross," builds its story about the victims of Nazi aggression, this time refugees awaiting in Marseille a chance to escape from Europe. . . . "The Wounded Get Back" (Harcourt, Brace), by Albert Maisel, recounts the dramatic work of the American medical men attached to the Navy in the Pacific arena. . . . "The Bells of Saint Ivan's" (Appleton-Century), by Robert Spencer Carr, makes a charming story of the return of a young American engineer to a little Russian village in which he has once visited.

May 12

"Rockets" (Viking), by Willy Ley, is, in the words of its subtitle, a study of "the future of travel beyond the stratosphere."

May 15

The American Ambassador to whose term of office Pearl Harbor put an end, writes of his diplomatic and social experiences in Joseph C. Grew's "Ten Years in Japan" (Simon & Schuster).

May 16

Keats's friend, Joseph Severn, is made the subject of a biography in Sheila Birkenhead's "Against Oblivion" (Macmillan). . . . In "Bombers" (Crowell), Keith Ayling presents a survey of the various types of bombers of the Allied and Axis nations and of their use and performance.

May 18

Lewis Mumford's "The Condition of Man" (Harcourt, Brace), constituting the third volume in his "Technics and Civilization," is a discussion of the development of personality and community.

May 22

"A Long Time Dead" (Coward-McCann), by Michael Venning, as might be guessed from its title, is a detective story.

May 24

Rex Warner employs an ingenious device in "Return of the Traveller," in which the recurring wars of the world are woven into a pattern of living and dying in a novel of unusual character. . . . "Daybreak for Our Carrier" (Whittlesey House), by Lieutenant Max Miller, is an experienced journalist's account of Pacific warfare.

May 25

"The Navy's War" (Harpers), by

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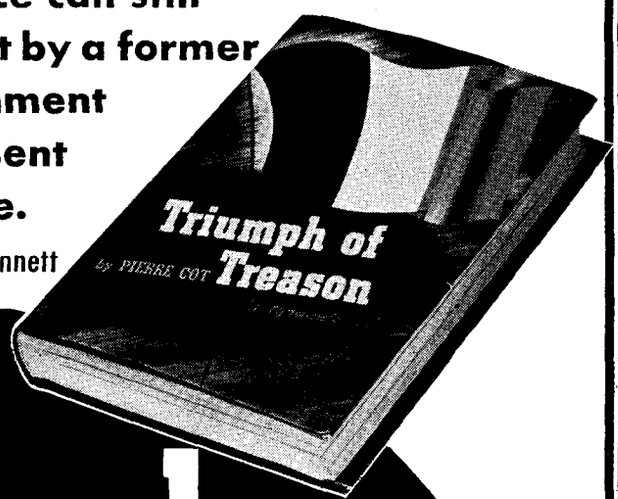

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"Lincoln's Daughters of Mercy" (Putnams), by Marjorie Barstow Greenbie. "No Mortal Fire" (Simon & Schuster), by Elsa Valentine. "Lieutenant Bertram" (Simon & Schuster), by Bodo Uhse. "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" (Houghton Mifflin), by Dixon Wecter (an exceedingly interesting and timely consideration of the problem of demobilization as manifested after the Revolution, the Civil War, and the First World War). "And Pass the Ammunition" (Appleton-Century), by Chaplain Howell M. Forgy.

June 5

The second in the series of the Lakes series which Bobbs-Merrill is bringing out makes its appearance in Grace Lee Nute's "Lake Superior." . . . Readers of *The New Yorker* and lovers of a wry sort of humor in general will welcome S. J. Perelman's "Crazy Like a Fox" (Random). . . . Captain Edgar J. Wynn, who has served in both the Canadian and American air forces, and in several oceans, writes of the Ferry Command and its gruelling service with modesty and knowledge in "Bombers Across" (Dutton).

June 7

"Trumpet to Arms" (Little, Brown), by Bruce Lancaster, is a tale of the Revolution with the plot moving from Lexington and Concord to Ticonderoga, Long Island, Westchester, and New Jersey.

June 12

Gunnar Pihl, a Swedish correspondent who, since his country was technically at peace with Germany, was permitted to remain in that country after our own correspondents left, sets down an account of conditions and people in the Reich during the past two years in "Germany: The Last Phase" (Knopf).

June 14

"The Miracle of America" (Harpers) proves André Maurois as skilful in writing of the history of our country as he is in dealing with more literary matters.

?

"They Lived There" (Putnams), by Kurt Riess. "The Six Weeks' War" (Viking), by Theodore Draper. "Faith, Reason and Civilization (Viking), by Harold J. Laski. "Presidential Agent" (Viking), by Upton Sinclair (another Lanny Budd story).

American Nurse in Africa

HELMETS AND LIPSTICKS. By Lt. Ruth G. Haskell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1944. 207 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

THIS is the first published account of a nurse in action and under fire. Ruth Haskell was one of a group of Army nurses who landed in North Africa November 7, 1942. She begins her story with the call that summoned her to New York from Camp Forrest in Tennessee, describes the embarkation and the lively crossing to Scotland, the visit to England, and the transport loaded for the African coast. With landing came danger, and the nurses were plunged at once into the novel experience of being shot at as they scampered across the beach through flying bullets to a shelter from which five dead Arabs had just been removed. But almost before they had time to realize that they were afraid the work with the wounded began. Miss Haskell cannot say too much of the splendid courage of the boys and the doctors encountered here and later in the field and tent hospitals, and in the long painful treks across the desert sands. The nurses were kept almost constantly on the move, their equipment and sleeping arrangements were often of the sketchiest, the physical discomforts and the emotional crises must have been almost unbearable. But like the soldiers they cared for, they took it all in their stride, hiding their stoicism behind wise-cracking and not too funny jokes. At last Miss Haskell after struggling valiantly against the pain resulting from a fall on her back, surrendered and she was flown back to America. Here we leave her, completely recovered from an operation that has left her wholly cured and with a renewed eagerness to go across again.

Miss Haskell tells the story of these momentous months simply and unaffectedly. Unfortunately she has not the gift of vivid writing. She hasn't made half enough of its excitement and drama. She has overburdened her account with trivial conversations and equally trivial anecdotes, while in her desire to make it informal she has depended too largely on a sort of flip slanginess. But she is obviously a woman of courage and selfless devotion.

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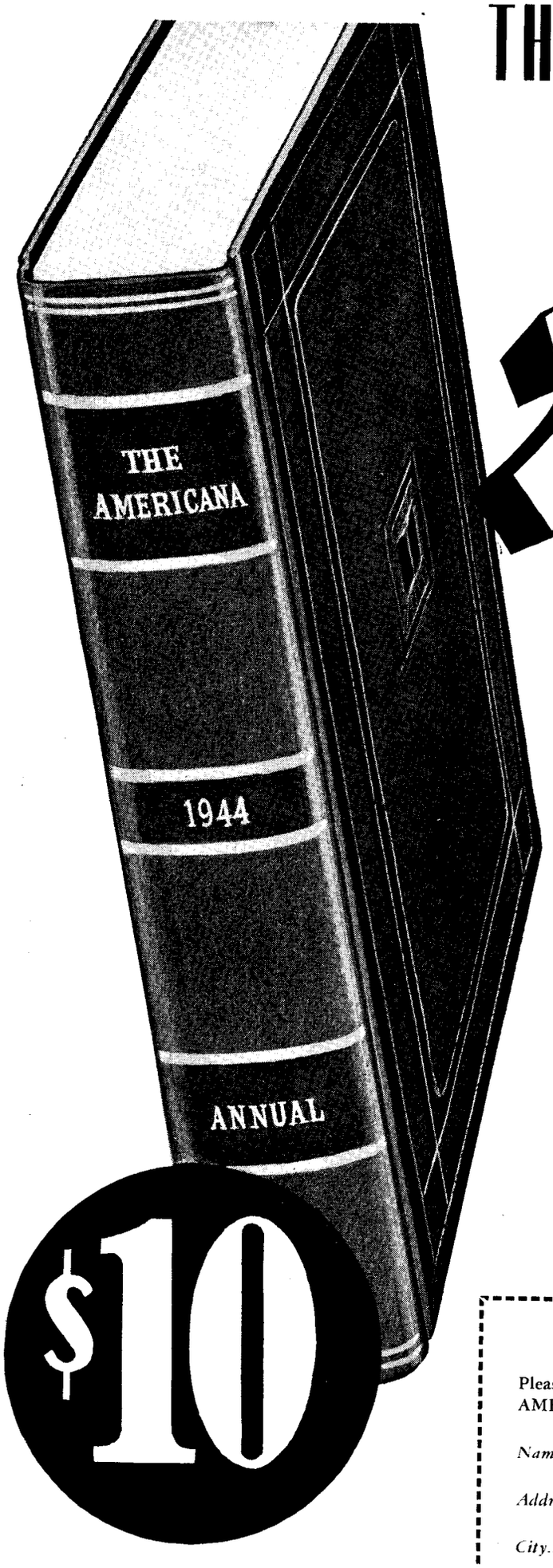

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In the Right Key

THE CONCERTO. By Abraham Veinus. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 312 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

THE melancholy stream of inconsequential books on music that appear with unfailing regularity makes the reviewer's life dull and dreary. How he envies his colleagues who discuss the other arts and letters! We are happy if one good book appears per annum while they have to keep on their toes to cope with the plenitude of interesting publications. Well, it is only April and the good book of the year is here. Maybe this is a good omen for they are usually held for the Christmas trade.

Mr. Veinus's "The Concerto" is refreshing indeed. It deals with one of the important and much admired types of music which for over two hundred years has attracted musicians and public alike. A vehicle both for the most intimate utterances of our greatest composers and for the fatuous display of empty pyrotechnics by long-haired virtuosi, the concerto is yet to be appreciated even by musicians as a vital principle of musical composition that well-nigh dominated the better part of the Baroque era and later, merging with the rising symphony, furnished one of the most important stylistic ingredients of the so-called classic style. Having reached its ultimate limits in Beethoven's works, the concerto —in this instance considered as a type or "form," not only a principle—began to decline. Everyone can witness the heroic struggle waged by Brahms to perpetuate the species, but his piano concertos are in reality symphonies with obliggato piano. Recognizing the merger of concerto and symphony in Beethoven's last works of this genre Liszt staged a brilliant last stand with his two piano concertos, which Mr. Veinus rightfully calls tone poems for piano and orchestra.

On the whole, however, the romantic concerto was no longer an affair of the heart with the composer. It became customary for the latter to consult expert practitioners to deck the solo part with the appropriate display material or to check the fireworks as to their feasibility. In more recent times — Prokofieff, Berg, Bartok, to mention a few—the concerto is again coming into its own; the empty sallies of Rubinstein and Paderewski, and the plushy splendor of Saint-Saens and Rachmaninoff are giving way to organic works in which virtuosity is taken for granted but is not the sole aim.

Mr. Veinus proves to be an excel-

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lent guide entirely at home in this vast literature. He conducts the reader step by step, from the early faint beginnings to the present day, discussing every major work in detail and not forgetting a great many of the minor compositions. His writing discloses a man of letters not a mere "writer on music"; it is colorful and interesting, his information is comprehensive, and his documentation copious. "The Concerto" represents a very valuable addition to our rising literature in musicology and should enjoy a wide acceptance.

Because we consider this work of exceptional importance we must take issue with a few points that mar the over-all effect. The concerto—like the sonata—is essentially a principle of musical construction and idiom and only secondarily a "form." There is a vast difference between a *concerto grosso* (Handl), an integrated symphonic concerto (Beethoven), and a display piece loosely draped over a skeleton euphemistically called a "sonata form" (Glazunoff). These differences are not due to evolutionary changes only, they result from varying applications of the constructive and idiomatic principles inherent in the concerto. Mr. Veinus is aware of this fact and repeatedly distinguishes between the principles of "concerted music" and between *the* concerto as we know it from the concert hall. Yet he does not make the difference clear, or rather he fails to maintain unequivocal stylistic criteria, hence there is some confusion whenever principles and types come into conflict. Following Arnold Schering (whose German "History of the Instrumental Concerto," now obsolescent, is the only available essay on the subject), the author fell victim to the notorious habit of German musicologists always to search for antecedents no matter how tenuous the connections may seem to be.

If we add to this fact that Mr. Veinus attempted to settle the origins of this very involved stylistic chapter in the history of music in 12 pages, he was bound to run into some trouble, and indeed this introductory section is confused, crammed full of data which alone would suffice for the basis of a minor book. Unless a thorough and much enlarged revision of this first chapter is made the author might just as well omit it in future printings and begin his narrative with the *established concerto*. But let us make no mistake, this is a fine and valuable book and we feel that Mr. Veinus will surely follow up this distinguished contribution with other works.

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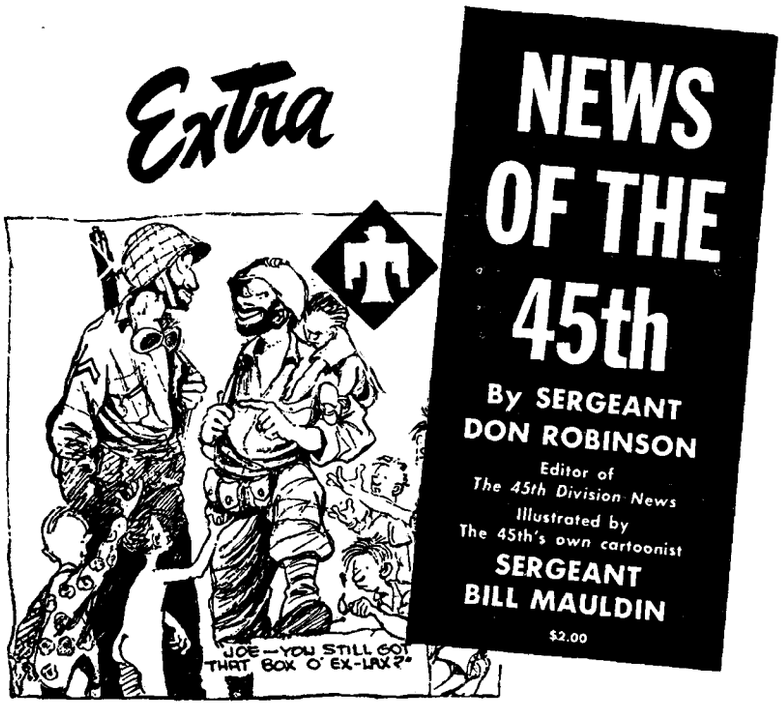
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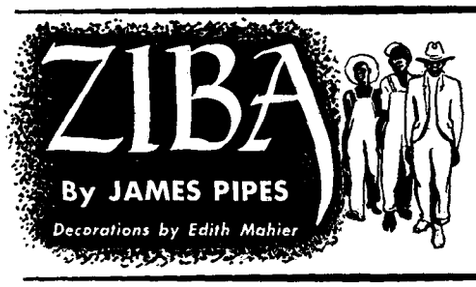

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Lake of Commerce

LAKE HURON. By Fred Landon. (The American Lakes Series, edited by Milo M. Quaife.) Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1944. 398 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

FEW historical books are available on the Great Lakes, and these few have chiefly concerned their earlier history. Yet these lakes, the greatest water highway of industrial commerce in the world, have molded the destiny of some of our most important states, and continue to do so. The great seal of Michigan, with the motto "Si quaeris peninsulam amoenam circumspice," shows elk, moose, and an effulgent sun lighting up lake waters. To give that seal its proper modern touch, the waters should be laden with tankers, oil-carriers, and freighters, and steel-mills and automobile factories should take the place of the elk and moose. A good historical record of the part the Great Lakes have played in the making of Canada and the American Northwest is needed; and this series, for which Dr. Quaife has enlisted Dr. Arthur Pound, Dr. Grace Lee Nute, and others, promises to furnish it.

Mr. Landon's volume, covering not only Lake Huron proper but Georgian Bay and the St. Clair River, and written by one of the best-known of Canadian historians, is rich in human interest. Every page bears the mark of scholarly authoritativeness, yet the treatment never descends into dryness. Written for the general reader, the book is crammed with adventurous incidents, heroic, or at least striking, personages, humorous episodes, and graphic bits of reminiscence drawn from old narratives.

Here are of course Champlain, Joliet, Brebeuf, Bressani, and the other valiant figures of the French period. Here are Robert Rogers, Jonathan Carver, and others associated with the British acquisition of Fort Mackinac. Here are Brock, Perry, Procter, and the other leaders of the War of 1812 in the Great Lakes area. Here is Henry R. Schoolcraft, ethnographer and collector of Indian legends; and beside him stands an equally sturdy American figure, the pioneer shipbuilder and ironmaster, Eber B. Ward, whose portrait occupies a fitting place of honor in the Michigan Capitol at Lansing. Then Mr. Landon turns to "four Lake Huron stories." One is of the keen-eyed Victorian lady, Mrs. Anna Jameson, who visited Lake Huron in the year Queen Victoria ascended the throne, and wrote some honest and vivid descriptions of the region, noting the crudity of frontier

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ways, but taking fire with the beauty of wooded shores, glassy waters, and pine-clothed islands. A second is of Dr. William Beaumont, the garrison surgeon at Mackinac who had the shrewdness to make use of the frightful stomach-wound incurred in 1822 by a French-Canadian of the island to make observations upon digestion which marked a new epoch in one field of human physiology. The third story deals with the William Lyon Mackenzie uprising of 1837, and the later Fenian troubles, one of which involved General Sherman. Finally, the fourth tale is a horrifying account of two fearful disasters to Lake Huron shipping.

Over and above its skill in weaving incident and personality into a swift narrative, Mr. Landon's book possesses two special merits. One is that, being written by a Canadian, it does full justice to the history of the northern shores. An American writer would have been tempted to tell his story in terms of Michigan alone; the author does full justice to Ontario's share, and treats the lake as what it is, a joint possession. The other merit is that the book comes in well-proportioned fashion down to the present day. A distinct defect of many volumes in the admirable Rivers of America Series is that the authors, relying heavily on secondary sources, give nearly their whole attention to the years before 1870, neglecting the later period whose materials must be painfully grubbed from primary sources. Dr. Landon has five well-packed chapters on the history of Lake Huron shipping, in which the greater part of his material concerns the period since 1860, and some of it comes down to 1943. Here his book makes its most original contribution to knowledge. Nor does he omit a brief account of the immense changes wrought on the shores of the busy lake, both American and Canadian, by the second World War. In 1942 the Defoe Shipbuilding Company at Bay City, by use of the "roll-over" method, launched thirty-six fighting vessels for ocean use, their volue totaling nearly fifty millions.

If Mr. Quaife's series is maintained at this level it will constitute a notable achievement. It would be easy, of course, to find fault with this volume for what it omits; it might contain more about geology, about mining, and lumbering (though they are not neglected), about certain shore industries, and about flora and fauna. But the editor and author have on the whole chosen with a wise eye to what is both interesting and significant; and the result charms while it instructs, and will be valued by lay readers and scholars alike.

Spring Books
FROM CHAPEL HILL

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By RUHL J. BARTLETT. The story of a powerful peace movement of the last war which backed Wilson's plans, of how these plans were wrecked, and who did the wrecking. May 6, $3.00

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By C. E. AYRES. A pioneer work in the development of a new approach to economics, more radical than the current Ricardo in reverse Marxian socialism. Will arouse controversy and originate fundamental changes in economic thinking. May 6, $3.00

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By LAURENCE STAPLETON. How can Nazism be condemned if no universally valid idea of justice exists? How did this concept disappear from social sciences and why is its revival essential? These important questions are asked and answered here. April 29, $2.00

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WHAT IS EDUCATION?

By EDWARD LEEN

DR. LEEN, former president of Ireland's Blackrock College, has strong views on education today; on preparation of the pupil for the business world; the intellectual futility of a great deal of mathematical and scientific training, and the education of girls. In this new book he brings another interesting viewpoint to the growing controversy started by Mark Van Doren's *Liberal Education*.
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By EDWIN MORGAN

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By WALLACE FOWLIE

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An End to Her Loneliness

FROSSIA. By E. M. Almedingen. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1944. 358 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

READERS who remember Miss Almedingen's distinguished autobiography and her impressive account of the Russian Revolution will be somewhat surprised by her latest offering. An émigré who left Russia as a youngster (and she has acquired an astonishing command of the English language since), she now has written a novel as Russian in spirit as any piece of writing can be. A victim of the great upheaval herself, she has given as creditable and self-evident a picture of early Soviet life as any this reviewer has seen.

It is not an overly workmanlike novel. Wordy dialogue cramps the narrative. The lovable heroine perhaps remains too true to type throughout the book. But the type she represents is so convincing, and so general, that Miss Almedingen's story would be an important book were it even much less well done.

Euphrosynia Pavlovna Bozert—Frossia for short—is the only member of a patrician family to survive 1917. She has made up her mind to live, and to stay on. Returning to St. Petersburg (or Leningrad—the name makes no difference to Frossia), she slowly forces her way into a habitat utterly strange to her. There is no other way left to her—for there is no other Russia. "I am sorry," she says to one of the more benevolent commissars who, his eyes (not only literally) fixed on the hammer and sickle, tries to give her a chance.

> I am sorry—I know nothing of political doctrines. I am like so many of our people. . . . You see, I am being—or trying to be honest. The country does matter. There has been a lot of rottenness in the earlier days, treachery, cruelty, indifference. There are dreadful things happening now. . . . Perhaps your people will change views and systems, how am I to tell? But if a factory hand wants to learn French, well, I think I can do it.

Frossia prevails against the petty prejudices of the dogmatic "proletarians" who block her every step. She does not curry favor with the revolutionary upstarts. She does not yield to hunger and cold and the strange lure of apathy. She wants to live and be herself. But only after years of hardships and indefatigable struggle does she come to experience the great fellow feeling she first has taken for granted as being part of her existence.

For in the crowded turmoil of the seven years following the collapse of the world of her childhood, Frossia has been all alone. Nowhere does the author manage better to convey the dismal, confused atmosphere of young Soviet life than in her presentation of the many people Frossia comes to meet and occasionally tries to make friends with—intimidated *ci-devants*, religious fanatics, hazy idealists, slick turncoats, platform orators who have unlearned thinking in other than Party terms, personable spongers, cynical thieves, and the whole pathetic throng of assorted people in the eternal breadline. Some of the men make up to the pretty bourgeois girl, some of the women let her into their intimacy. But in all the ups and downs of her adventure, Frossia remains in a void, with her ardent desire to hold fast to life and survive as a Russian.

So straight a line of characterization has, of course, its dangers. Yet so straight a character has its grandeur—even in a novel. Miss Almedingen succeeds admirably in staying aloof from trite clichés—no mean achievement in a book based on the thinking of a society girl, and set against a background teeming with catchwords thrown into a half-illiterate country.

Caught in the net of an Hegelian system put into practice, these people yet remain Russians first of all. . . . Well, taking things in our world for what they are, the author may be certain of being accused of bias by "both sides," or—the other way round—of "over-objectivity." What Miss Almedingen actually does is to face the Russian "enigma" and to write of it in human terms. That she has done so in spite of her own past shows more than common courage. That she was able to do it so well determines her rank as a writer. Perhaps the famous "Russian soul" is really more than just another stock-worn literary label?

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "A Study in Scarlet."
2. "The Sign of Four."
3. "The Boscombe Valley Mystery."
4. "The Adventure of the Beryl Coronet."
5. "The Adventure of the Golden Nez."
6. "Silver Blaze."
7. "The Adventure of the Priory School."
8. "The Adventure of the Devil's Foot."
9. "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane."
10. "The Crooked Man."

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Tragic Nobility

WHILE STILL WE LIVE. By Helen MacInnes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1944. 556 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

HELEN MACINNES'S new novel is by far her best. It is that rare thing, a thrilling adventure story, as full of risk and escapes as "Assignment in Brittany," and, at the same time, a rich, vital, and most sympathetic account of Poland under Nazi tyranny. It is written with knowledge of all that Poland has been to Europe, and indignation at the betrayal by Christendom of the people who are the bastion of Western culture in the East, the people who met and conquered the triumphant hordes of Islam. The title is taken from the defiant song of the Polish legions, the song first started in 1797 when Prussia and its guilty colleagues, Austria and Russia, broke and, as Frederick the Prussian tyrant said, "partook of the sacramental body of Poland." It is the story of a new Polish army of warriors, nameless, hidden men and women, an army determined that their country shall live again, an army as passionately devoted, as proud of their country's past, and as confident in its future as any in the world. Miss MacInnes has caught admirably that unconquerable spirit, and the nobility in this tragedy of war which is just as great as the tragedies of Greece and Norway.

The story opens three days before the German invasion. Sheila Matthews, an English orphan, has postponed again and again her return home. She is the guest of a Polish family, the Aleksanders, and has been enchanted by the gracious, intense, and profoundly patriotic people. She is packing up. Urgent telegrams have come from her guardian uncle in England that she must come home. From that point the story moves at a lively measure. Sheila does not leave; she loses her identity, and is given, by a British agent passing as a German, a new character, Anna Braun. Her adventures, her escapes, her risks would seem incredible did we not know how impossible it is for fiction to outdo the truth about the guerilla forces and the underground movements in Poland and other occupied countries.

It is, however, good as she is in her narrative of great events, in the many characters, quickly established, admirably drawn, that Miss McInnes excels. Here are no plain black and white, good and bad men, but humor, light and shade, and a contemptuous fairness in the sketches of the less brutal Germans.

CITIES of LATIN AMERICA

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Physician in charge Diabetes Clinic, Mt. Sinai Hosp., Cleveland

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Spring Books for Older Boys and Girls

IN spite of all that is happening to a tense and tired world, spring is bringing with it again a sense of expectancy, of renewal. Boys and girls are asking for and reading the new books, just as they are seeing the new movies, hearing the new music, singing the new songs. At their age, every day brings a widening of the horizon. But this year there is a new urgency in their reading. We cannot wonder that in this spring of 1944 they are looking forward, not backward. Most of them were born into a period of false prosperity, grew up in the greatest economic depression the world has ever known and then, before they had had time to strike out for themselves, were plunged into a global war. We who know what books they ask for know that they are reading normally, with a healthy, normal interest in the events of our day. Deeply stirred by the war, they demand books that tell them definite things about it. But they also demand stories of adventure, stories of sport, stories of "career" men and women. Like everyone else, they are short of *time.* They are working after school to earn money, they are planning to spend their holidays on farms and in service in camps or summer resorts. Hundreds of them are training now to be camp councilors. Their leisure is going to be limited this year. We must give them the best the publishers offer.

In going over their books, this reviewer was impressed with the number of worthwhile *characters* that emerged from their pages. Not "goody-goody" people of conscious virtue but interesting, vital people who make everyday things seem important. In a recent speech that seemed to this reviewer a challenge to the young people of today, although it is not directed to them, Eric Johnson of the United States Chamber of Commerce called upon America to develop anew the qualities of our pioneers and Founders; vision, unselfishness, courage, integrity. These qualities are inherent in some of the spring books. They are in Loren van Norreys when he decides to parachute down over occupied Holland into a nest of Nazi spys. They are in Chiang Yee's fine story of the building of the Burma Road. They are in the biography of Seth Warner of the Green Mountain Boys and the story of Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman doctor. They emerge, laced with that most precious of assets—a sense of humor—from Erick Berry's "Hearthstone in the Wilderness." Jared Stark and his son, Luther, have one primary objective; to take up a grant of land in the wilderness, to clear it, plant it, and build a house. Luther's part is to earn money enough to pay the last cent on the grant. Old Judd, the miller whom he works for, is a miser but he is *honest.* He has never cheated anyone of a measure of flour. Van Beek is smug and unscrupulous and *dishonest.* It is Luther who discovers that in an effort to ruin Judd, Van Beek has sunk his own grist stones into the river in mistake for his rival's. When Luther tells the story the men gathered around the blacksmith's forge roar with laughter. The laughter swells and grows and deepens until everyone in town is laughing. To a man of Van Beek's temperament ridicule is the most potent of weapons. That great gust of half scornful, half good-natured laughter is "the judgment of his peers." There is nothing that he can do about it. So he slinks away out of Luther's life, out of the story—defeated. The forces that defeat him are well worth noting. Be sure that the boys and girls in this Spring of 1944 will note them—and approve them. As the pioneers wanted to clear the land and build a house, the young people of today want to "clear the air" and build security. What they ask for is not success but opportunity and accomplishment.

MARY GOULD DAVIS,
SRL Children's Book Editor.

—Drawing by Erick Berry, from "Hearthstone in the Wilderness."

JARED GOES NORTH

HEARTHSTONE IN THE WILDERNESS. By Erick Berry. Illustrated by the Author. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 242 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is one of the most satisfying stories of the American pioneers that has been published in many a long day. It is satisfying not only in plot and action—there is never a dull moment in it—but in the people who move through its pages and in its attitude toward the things that matter in life—work, play, human relationships.

Jared Stark has taken up a grant of land in what is probably the lower Adirondacks in the years just after the American Revolution. Leaving his wife, his oldest son, Luther, and the younger children in Glens Falls where they have rented a house Jared goes north with his little daughter, Mercie, for his only companion. It is early spring, and the wild geese are going North, too. Mercie finds one of them, his wing broken, crouching behind a rock in the snow. This gander, Jake, becomes one of the really important characters in the story. He is hurt and frightened and hungry—and as cross as two sticks! Slowly, patiently, and with a humorous understanding, Mercie wins his friendship. Then, in

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the late summer, she is cornered by a poisonous snake—and Jake kills him. There is nothing sentimental or "far fetched" in this scene. Anyone who has been hissed at by an irate gander knows that it could have happened. It is symbolic of the way in which Jared and Mercie used what nature gave them in their clearing of the land and building of their house:

> It seemed almost as though the more she toiled and moiled over it the more she was coming to love the place. Nature was a crotchety, cantankerous old soul; you had to fight her hard with axe and hoe and aches and blisters before you won her respect and could come to like her.

In the meantime Luther is working for old Judd, the miller, to earn the money that will pay off the last cent on the grant. He has his troubles, too.

There are no historical characters in the book, no attempt to inform the reader on the facts of early American history. It is a story of *people,* people who live and work and laugh. You like them all so much that you finish the book with a sigh of regret. Fall has come, the wild geese are flying South—and Jake flies with them:

> Now he was just one great bird among the thousands in the flock, climbing higher and higher on the start of their long journey southward. Dark shadows they were, no more, against the lightening sky, till of a sudden a shaft of sunlight over the eastern hills turned the giant flock into pure silver against the gray.

The land is cleared, the garden planted, the house built with Mercie's hearthstone as its center. Neighbors are clearing and building in the woods nearby.

They are all real people; Jared, Mercie, Luther, their gay, pretty mother, Gramma Royal, Fane, young Sam, the brawny blacksmith, whose forge was the village "town hall," the miserly Judd, the smug, selfish, treacherous Van Beeck. These are the people who made America. In this story, they are so vital, so satisfying that we cannot bear to lose them. Did Jake return when the wild geese flew North the next spring? Did Gramma Royal ever stop talking? Did Fane come back—clever, elusive Fane with his knowledge of the wild things, his love for the wilderness and scorn for the cleared land? Perhaps Erick Berry will answer these questions someday.

In its language, the book uses the words of Jared Stark's time; strong, meaningful Anglo-Saxon words that offer no compromise, no evasions. To listen to its rhythm, to catch its undercurrents of humor is like listening to the ripple of a brook or the murmur of pine trees in a light wind.

M. G. D.

VIKING JUNIOR BOOKS FOR SPRING 1944

Far from Marlborough Street

by Elizabeth Philbrook.

Illustrated by Marjorie Torrey. $2.00

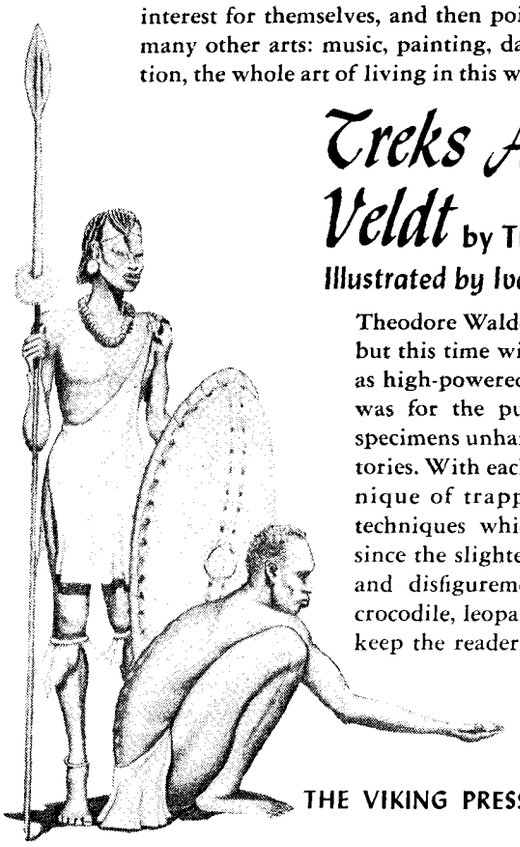
It was not considered seemly for young Misses of Nancy Lee Wadsworth's age to go traveling alone on a stage coach journey—but when Uncle Jonathan became involved in the villainous schemes of Silas Newcomb, someone had to be sent to his aid, and why not Nancy? She had always wondered what the world was like, far from the Bostonian elegance of Marlborough Street, but she met more adventure than she had bargained for, and a dash of mystery as well, bowling along the Old Post Road in a brave New England summer. *Publication: April 10. Ages 9-12.*

"Request of Wings"

A FAMILY'S PLEASURES WITH BOOKS

by Annis Duff. *Publication April 10.* $2.00

This handbook for young parents is more than a book about books: it is a wise and witty dissertation on the upbringing of children, and a perceptive critical study of the literary heritage of the nursery. In this picture of a young family growing up with books, Mrs. Duff shows how books can make a center of interest for themselves, and then point the way to so many other arts: music, painting, dancing, conversation, the whole art of living in this world. *For parents.*



Treks Across the Veldt by Theodore J. Waldeck.

Illustrated by Ivan T. Sanderson. $2.50

Theodore Waldeck goes ON SAFARI again, but this time with noose and trap as well as high-powered rifle, for this expedition was for the purpose of bringing back specimens unharmed, for zoos and laboratories. With each new animal, a new technique of trapping had to be devised: techniques which had to be fool-proof since the slightest slip might mean death and disfigurement. Rhinoceros, gorilla, crocodile, leopard, these and many others keep the reader at fever pitch. Armchair exploring at its best! *Publication: May 12. Older boys and girls.*

THE VIKING PRESS, 18 East 48, N. Y. C. 17

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Here are the thrilling days of 1814 brought to life with a reality that makes you feel as if you had been a guest at the Inn of Spar and Binnacle and a friend of Jason Cobb on the Frigate Thunderbolt.

STORM CANVAS

by Armstrong Sperry

with pictures by the author who is both an inspired writer and a talented artist. Don't miss this salty yarn for older boys. $2.50

CHIPS THE STORY OF A COCKER SPANIEL

A delightful picture book by Diana Thorne and Connie Moran, for children 5 to 8. It's the lovable, laughable tale of a puppy who went looking for a master. In color. $1.50

THE SECRET OF THE CLOSED GATE

A new mystery about the Hill children by Margaret Leighton and illustrated by Sandra James. Younger girls were thrilled by Mrs. Leighton's first book, THE SECRET OF THE OLD HOUSE, and this one has a wartime angle that will keep them guessing till the last chapter. $2.00

THE STORY PARADE STAR BOOK

Eighth in this delightful series of poems, stories, and articles by America's foremost children's authors and artists. For 9-12 year olds. $2.00

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The right way for children to learn about the new world of the air—this entertaining story of the airplane tells them all about the make-up of planes, the way they are flown, and about the safety rules of the air. By Frank E. Sorenson with authentic photographs. For 9-12 year olds. $1.50

AT ALL BOOK STORES

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.

JENNY THE CAT

THE CAT CLUB. Written and Illustrated by Esther Averill. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1944. 31 *pp.* $1.50.

THIS little book, like many good books that are ostensibly made for children, has no age classification. It will be read and enjoyed by anyone of any age who likes charm and originality in story and pictures, design and format. It tells of Jenny Linsky, a small black cat who lives with Captain Tinker in Greenwich Village, New York. Jenny is shy. She has no accomplishments, so she hesitates to ask for membership in the stylish and sophisticated Cat Club that meets every night in Captain Tinker's garden. But Captain Tinker is kind and understanding. He thinks that Jenny will be happier if she enters society. First he knits her a bright red wool scarf that is very becoming. It gives her a measure of self-confidence. Then at Christmas time he makes for her four tiny silver skates. In no time at all Jenny is out on the ice that has formed in the garden, cutting "figure eights and flowers and stars." The cats are thrilled. They cheer her loudly. And Jenny becomes an honored member of the Cat Club.

Many, many people knew Miss Averill through the Domino Press in Paris, before the war. It was her press that published "Powder" and "Flash" and Rojankovsky's "Daniel Boone." In this little book, with its delightful drawings, black with a touch of scarlet, we meet her as author and artist. It is difficult in a review to define the charm that she has brought to its making. Here are humor and gaiety, the power to make a small world—and a small cat—important and interesting. Here are good taste and good judgment and experience. We can only hope that it is just a beginning. That Jenny Linsky will be followed by other characters as original and as pleasing as she is herself.

M. G. D.

GOOD OLD DODGERS

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR. By John R. Tunis. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1944. 199 *pp.* $2.

ONE needs only to tell boys and girls that this story carries the Dodgers, with Spike Russell as their manager, to the World Series to create for it a wide demand. Probably their elders, if they are baseball fans, will turn to it as eagerly. It is not as good a book as "Keystone Kids." It is as though Mr. Tunis has written it not out of an overwhelming urge but out of a mild desire to carry Spike and his team a bit farther on in their history. Apart from the games, play by play, the story is concerned with a jealous secretary and his attempt to bring disaster on Spike. It is Bob, Spike's young brother, who settles the mess by speaking a few straight, honest words to the owner of the team, who has liked and trusted Spike all along. The real value of the book lies in the games, especially toward the end when the Dodgers play the Cardinals for the pennant. Here is the good, honest thrill of a sport that has its devotees in far-flung camps and outposts all over the face of the earth. It will be as welcome to the men of our armed services as it is to the boys and girls.

M. G. D.

ON "FASHION WALK"

AFTER A FASHION. By Marjory Hall. Illustrated by Jean Baker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1944. 188 *pp.* $2.

"THE real secret of the whole thing is that we like to keep busy," says one of the characters in this vocational story. This simple philosophy runs through the whole tale of eighteen-year-old Marybeth who, having failed in her examinations for a nurse's training, finds her way into a big store and rises from sales clerk to the much envied position of buyer and assistant director of the "Fashion Walk." In order to serve its purpose, the story is interspersed with accurate information on work in a department store which might prove helpful to a teen-age reader—unless she skips those pages in order to assure herself that Marybeth marries Red, an attractive young flier whom she meets in the early chapters.

Glimpses into Marybeth's home life, gay parties with her friends enliven the story, in which she appears as a lovable and unusually lucky girl. For even in wartime success would hardly come without greater difficulties. One episode in which she is unjustly suspected of having stolen precious things from the store follows too outworn a pattern to be convincing. Some girls will find this book worthwhile, but to more thoughtful readers it seems insufficiently integrated—a characteristic of vocational books in general. Even with liveliness and a modern technique, these books remain the didactic ones in books for boys and girls.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

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LORENS GOES TO WAR

THE SWORD IS DRAWN. By Andre Norton. With Illustrations by Duncan Coburn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1944. 180 *pp.* $2.

HERE is a story that is plotted and written like a modern novel. It has all the elements that older boys and girls seek in their leisure reading. It has characters with whom they can identify themselves. It is a story of this war. It moves swiftly, surely, from one scene to another in the world conflict. Beginning in Holland at the time of the German occupation and when the hero—Lorens van Norreys—is eighteen, the action takes him first to England in one of the now famous little fishing boats that smuggle Dutch patriots to the English coast and then to the Dutch East Indies where he is caught in the Japanese invasion. He crashes in a plane in Australia and, after long months in a hospital, goes to America. Then to England and to Holland—via parachute.

Lorens had made up his mind to get the famous "Flowers of Orange" necklace that his grandfather had given into his care. It lay now in a safe in the old van Norreys house near Rotterdam. To go there is almost certain death, but Lorens goes. His descent at night, the slow emergence of the familiar landmarks, the house that is the headquarters of the Gestapo with its grim, silent mistress and the strange little serving girl; all this is the essence of romance and adventure. Who Kaatje really was is never explained. But much must be left unfinished in a book telling of Axis-dominated countries.

What troubles this reviewer about this story is its conscious effort to further international friendship. We are told that an exchange of letters between college students of various countries started in 1938 has created a "correspondence" friendship between Lorens in Holland and Lawrence in America. Each section of the story is headed with an extract of a letter from Lorens to Lawrence. Lawrence is told the secret word with which Lorens has sealed the safe in the old house in Rotterdam. And yet, the American boy does not appear as a character in the story. We are told nothing about him. As the action grows swifter, more dramatic, this friendship seems less and less important. It has no meaning in connection with the stirring events that make up the action of the story. One has a feeling that the letters are "dragged in," that the book would be stronger and clearer without them.

M. G. D.

Headliners for the TEEN AGE

The WHITE TULIP

By HELEN GIRVAN

"A FINE historical novel for girls . . . a lovable heroine. I can't imagine the girl of today who will not follow her adventures with interest."—*Chicago Sun*

"Colorful and engaging . . . for older girls."

—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

Illustrated by Gertrude Howe, $2.00

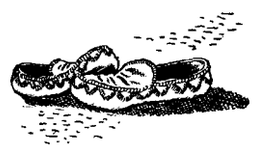
GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY: SETH WARNER

By LEON W. DEAN

LEON DEAN is a Vermonter from way back, and like all true Vermonters, is an historian by avocation. That's one of the reasons *why* his biographies of *Stark of the North Country* and *Old Wolf: The Story of Israel Putnam* have been so highly praised.

Illustrated by Charles Child, $2.00

MYSTERY at WHITE MOCCASINS



By L. A. WADSWORTH

"A GOOD mystery by a good writer. A house with a jinx on it, agreeable people, interesting background, humor and very good dialogue."—LENA BARKSDALE. *Publishers' Weekly.* $2.00

FARRAR & RINEHART, N.Y.

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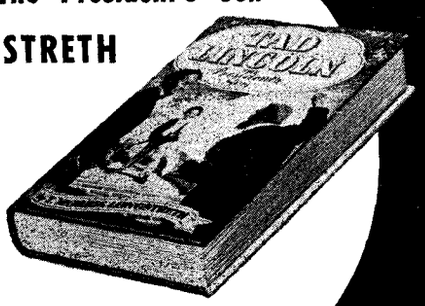
Tad Lincoln, *The President's Son*

by T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

Civil War Washington seen through the eyes of the most lovable brat in American history . . . a book full of Tad's pranks, great events, and unforgettable characters, for every boy and every dad.



$2.50

Ready April 27

Puppy Stakes

by BETTY CAVANNA

$2.00

A delightful story about a girl named Janie, her cousin Stephen, two English refugees, and the part a litter of cocker spaniels plays in their lives. For girls.

Ready April 21

TROUBLE at TAMARACK

by David Lavender

On a northern California ranch-camp, young Bram Tyler learns through exciting experiences the importance of teamwork in this thrilling story for boys. $1.75

JESS

by T. Morris Longstreth

Red-headed Jess's yen for publicity rocketed her to fame on a national hook-up in this story for high school girls. $1.50

THE WESTMINSTER PRESS

Philadelphia 7, Pa. • In Canada: Ambassador Books, Ltd., Toronto

DR. BLACKWELL

FIRST WOMAN DOCTOR. By Rachel Baker. Illustrated by Corinne Malvern. New York: Julian Messner. 1944. 246 *pp.* $2.

THIS true story of the first woman doctor, Elizabeth Blackwell, should be of great interest to older girls. Elizabeth, born in England in 1821, grew up in a progressive home where the girls received the same education as the boys. When her family settled down in America she was ready and eager for something to do. At the age of six she had said, with prophetic insight, "I don't know what I am going to be, but I think that it will be something hard." The answer to her desire to be useful came from a dying friend who urged her to study medicine, and her long struggle began.

Refused by all medical schools because of their reluctance to see a woman enter a man's profession, the slight, blonde girl with the iron will was finally accepted by an obscure medical school near the Canadian border. Her quiet ways and her unusual gifts slowly overcame the hostility of the staff and students until, having gained the friendship of all, she graduated in 1849.

After hard months at the Maternité in Paris and some work in London, Elizabeth returned to America and began to realize some of her dreams. She opened her own office in New York and, in 1857, the Infirmary for Women and Children and, later, the first school of nursing in America. She had to fight the prejudice of her time in the work of raising funds and in winning the confidence of the community. When her hospital was stoned by an angry mob, she kept her faith and her courage. And yet she did not lack the feminine traits or, for all her strength, tenderness. She kept through all her adventures the devotion of her brothers and sisters. She gained friends like Harriet Beecher Stowe and Florence Nightingale. Before her death, Elizabeth Blackwell had the satisfaction of seeing a whole group of women doctors following the path that her pioneer strength and courage had opened for them.

Projected against a background of nineteenth century society and its prejudices, Elizabeth Blackwell emerges from this story endowed perhaps not with the genius of Marie Curie, but with the same determination, the same high moral qualities. It is a rich record.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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THE PLACE OF THE TULIP

THE WHITE TULIP. By Helen Girvan. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944. 280 *pp.* $2.

IT was through the white tulip, "Milady Elspeth," which Pieter Voort had named for her that Elspeth was at last reunited with her lost father and brother.

Charles I was King of England, and Spain and Holland were at war when Elspeth Kent was kidnapped and taken from England to Holland. She was the daughter of Sir Robert Kent who had made many enemies by daring to oppose the King's wishes. Elspeth escaped from her captors and was brought to the home of kind Mynheer and Mevrouw Voort, who offered her their protection. High spirited and only sixteen, it was hard for Elspeth to adapt herself to the Dutch way of living. She did not always submit to the restrictions imposed upon Dutch girls of her class. The place of the tulip in Dutch life amazed her. "Onions" as she called the bulbs—bulbs that were worth their weight in gold—used in barter and in business she could not understand. Under Peter's tutelage she soon learned their value.

Believing that Elspeth had been drowned, her father and brother came to Holland on their way to the New World. It was in Amsterdam that they heard of the wonderful white tulip, Milady Elspeth, grown by young Pieter Voort in honor of Prince Frederik.

In the end Elspeth sets out for the New World, with bulbs to plant in her garden, happy in the promise that when the war was over Pieter would follow her.

In this, her first historical novel, Helen Girvan has shown, as she did in "Felicity Way," her love for growing things. She makes the cultivation of tulips so real and so vital that the reader is completely captivated.

MURIEL GILBERT.

SETH WARNER'S STORY

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY: SETH WARNER. By Leon W. Dean. Illustrated by Charles Child. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944. 242 *pp.* $2.

Seth Warner commanded the Green Mountain Boys in their battle for the New Hampshire Grants which later became the State of Vermont. In childhood, youth, and maturity he was a "natural born" leader. He had courage, brains, initiative, and humor. This story of his life makes good reading. M. G. D.

+ HELP THE RED CROSS +

"This is an excellent book... I do not know a better!"
—Stephen Leacock, N. Y. *Times*

PAGEANT OF CANADIAN HISTORY

by ANNE MERRIMAN PECK

Here is the warm story of Canada's struggle to carve a country out of wilderness—a worthwhile acquaintance with Canada's heritage and its people, what they're like, how they live, think and act. *Illustrations, map.* $3.00

●

A fascinating excursion into Nature's haunts

SMOKY RIDGE

by FREDRIC DOYLE

With an intimate knowledge of wild life the author presents the world of animals and birds of Smoky Ridge. The writing itself is unusual—dramatic, at times almost poetic—the full-page lithographs beautifully done by Theresa Kalab. $2.50

●

The story of a small-town teacher

SEPARATE STAR

by LOULA GRACE ERDMAN

This young teacher's progress in a small town will be of intense interest to many girls who are thinking of teaching as a profession. Decorations by Janice Holland. *Ages 12-16.* $2.25

●

Two AMERICA AT WORK Books

by JOSEPHINE PERRY

The Coal Industry

This is the complete, dramatic story of the "black diamond" and the coal districts of the United States. *Photographs.* $1.75

The Steel Industry

Brings a hitherto technical subject to young people in a way to rouse interest. *Photographs.* $1.75

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The Phoenix Nest

THE Negro question is one that is, in time of war, more and more deeply concerning our country. I can hardly help being interested in it, particularly since that parfit gentil knighte of the Olde South, Senator Bilbo, once branded me a "communistic negrophile," thereby implying that he himself was a "negrophobe," which is also the truth. In my own case his indictment is the truth, save for the "communistic." I believe in a certain amount of collectivism, but that is hardly being a Communist, particularly as I don't belong to the Party. I am, however, proudly a "negrophile"; in other words, I believe in treating Negroes like the rest of the human race, and exercising our intelligence, rather than brutality and prejudice, in trying to solve a problem originally wished upon us by the old irresponsible slave-traders who first brought the Negro to this land. In spite of all our brutality and prejudice, the strides the Negro has made toward civilization, in our half-civilized country, have been enormous. Therefore I'm particularly glad that the Supreme Court showed the Democratic Party in Texas that it was clearly violating the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution in denying Negroes the vote in its primary elections. Arthur Krock in *The Times* commented upon the whole thing very fairly, in his desiccated fashion ["dessicate": to remove the spiritual freshness or plasticity from: *Webster*], though his last sentence seemed peculiar to me. It was:

> Now, States which wish to give *legal** effect to their party primaries and surround them with all protections must find some other way to keep out, if they can, avowed party members they don't want.

"Protections," against what? Against the votes of citizens declared by the Constitution of the United States fully entitled to the immunities guaranteed to other citizens, with their rights stipulated as follows by the Fifteenth Amendment:

> The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

The quibble has been attempted that the primaries are not a state matter. They are obviously a state matter, and a national matter. As the Supreme Court decision put it:

> The United States is a Constitutional democracy. Its organic law grants to all citizens a right to participate in the choice of elected officials without restriction by any State because of race. This grant to the people of the opportunity for choice is not to be nullified by a State through casting its electoral process in a form which permits a private organization to practise racial discrimination in the election. Constitutional rights would be of little value if they could thus be indirectly denied.

But—don't doubt it—they *are* denied, and not even "indirectly." The political cuttlefish, who spread their inky fluid all over the Deep South, have declared it openly and brazenly. One Herbert Holmes, Chairman of the Democratic Committee in Mississippi, put it very simply, as quoted in *The Times*, "The Supreme Court or no one else," he said in that exquisite English one has come to expect from such persons, "can control a Democratic primary in Mississippi." Georgia's cultivated chairman added, "I

*Italics mine: W. R. B.

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COWARD-McCANN

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MOON WAS RED *Dana Sage* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	Murderous goings-on in and around La Paz, Bolivia, satisfactorily solved by Donald O'Keefe Adams—Don O'K. to South Americans.	Lively and exceptionally well-scened blend of murder, blackmail, bigamy, Inca rites, and adventure—with a hair-raising finish.	First class
THE PARCHMENT KEY *Stanley Hopkins, Jr.* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	Unexplainable "accidents" in Long Island home bring Peter Murrell to scene. He unravels strange case of maladjusted personality.	Pleasantly written and engagingly characterized; with single murder done by "remote control"; some good stuff about dogs, and much diverting conversation.	Good hunting
DOOM IN THE MIDNIGHT SUN *Eunice Mays Boyd* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Nebraska ex-grocer vacationing on Alaskan lake solves two murders in four days and finds happiness.	Attractive background, able semi-pro sleuthing, interesting people—especially the small-fry—and mystery that holds up well to end.	Enjoyable
TOWARDS ZERO *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Inspector Battle unfolds the train of events which made the death of an invalid old lady inevitable.	Some ingenious incidents but rather slow-paced.	Not up to the author's best

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would say the Negroes are not qualified to vote in the Democratic white primary of this State." Florida's broodingly intelligent chairman declared, "We'll certainly resist, if possible, any attempt to have Negroes vote in our primaries." One can hardly blame Republican candidate Wendell Willkie from commenting, in his Nebraska speech, upon "the unholy combination of Southern Democrats who deny men in those States the right to vote, and corrupt Northern political machines." Boy, in that respect he certainly knows what he's talking about!

To turn to expressions of more dignity, I quote here two letters recently received from Negro librarians; the second one, Arno Bontemps, is a distinguished Negro writer. The first letter comes from the Johnston Memorial Library of the Virginia State College for Negroes, Petersburg, Virginia—from J. A. Hulbert, the Librarian there:

> Both as a Negro American and as an admirer of you and your late brother, Stephen Vincent, let me congratulate you on your note in The Phoenix Nest, issue of March 18, with reference to Negroes and the new film, "The Negro Soldier." Here, we are looking forward to seeing this movie and I am sure that ours will be deep emotions of joy and pride. You have no idea what it means, as a Negro, to have recognition of the best that is found in us, as a group. We feel truly that a new day is near at hand when the curse of segregation and injustice will be lifted from us. As a librarian I can see trends in print and public opinion which make me very hopeful for this new day. Sometimes we are impatient but you, who are our friends, can never know how very patient we are. Have you and your fellow editors ever considered a special issue of *The Saturday Review* devoted to Negro literature, something in line with your recent sectional issues? It seems to me that such a number might be well received and I am certain that it would be of great literary interest.

The second is from Arno Bontemps, Librarian of the Fisk University Library at Nashville, Tennessee:

> I wonder if I may share the enclosed with you. Perhaps it is evidence of the poetry we are generally too blind to see around us. Miss Frances L. Yocom of this library discovered this item in our catalogue. Each line represents the title of a book, and this is the exact succession in which she found them:
>
> We Americans, we are not alone.
> We are the builders of a new world.
> We build together.
>
> We cannot escape history,
> We did not ask Utopia.
> We have come to a country.

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For 16 years the Crime Club has been the hall-mark of good mysteries. Now the Crime Club leads again by making it easier for you to select the type of mystery you prefer. Check the identifying symbols on the key at the bottom of this ad, and notice how they give an instant clue to the contents of each Crime Club book listed.

Jenny Kissed Me

by Ruth Fenisong. Gwen Mattice, 1944-model Circe, used her wit, charm and lovely body to cast a spell that made every man her worshipper—and her meal ticket. But she opened her door once too often . . . and murder stepped in. *April Crime Club Selection.* $2.00

The Saint on Guard

by Leslie Charteris. The Saint in two exciting adventures defends his Saintly ideas of right and justice, twice downs the ungodly, and twice proves that one head (if it belongs to the Saint) is better than lots of heads belonging to other people . . . especially Axis people in our midst. *A Crime Club Selection.* $2.00

The Queen of Spades

by H. C. Bailey. The new Joshua Clunk mystery—the best since *The Red Castle Mystery*—in which the dreaded Queen of Spades passes from player to player in a dangerous, deadly game of intrigue and murder. *A Crime Club Selection.* $2.00

Design in Diamonds

by Kathleen Moore Knight. "Extra good intrigue thriller." —JACK KETCH, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "Plenty exciting spy and conspiracy stuff."—*N. Y. World Telegram.* "A skilfully plotted treat . . . crammed with deviltry and meddlesome gambits."—WILL CUPPY, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* *A Crime Club Selection.* $2.00

Look Your Last

by John Stephen Strange. Barney Gantt, news photographer extraordinary, helps uncover one of the most incredible conspiracies of modern times. "Not only packed with action, capital detecting and good characters, but has serious passages of timely value."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* *A Crime Club Selection.* $2.00

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THE CRIME CLUB

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We hold these truths,
We **lift our voices**
We must march
We sing America.

One of the best features of Walter Winchell's recent radio flattening of Martin Dies was his correction of the Intolerable Texan's use of the word "infer." I have noticed a wonderful increase in newspaper writing and in American speech, and even in presumably literate books, of this use of "infer" in place of "imply." I have even heard such prominent persons as Mr. Willkie himself commit this barbarous solecism in a public speech. It is on a par with the use of "flout" for "flaunt" (and *vice versa*) and "lay" for "lie."

Moses Gramlin, my Old Continental Gremlin, in his buff and blue regimentals—who says, by the way, that he has the ear of Congressman O'Malley—left the following on my desk the other day:

Dies-he dotes
On dozy votes*
He's solid poison-ivy;
So diddlet 'um, Texas, do;
Tellum he's through.

Which reminds me that it is about time we had some poetry in this instalment. Here is something inspired by a Southern Silvertongue:

THE BIRD

MR. RANKIN: *Mr. Speaker, for more than twenty years I have urged that the mockingbird be made the official bird of the State of Mississippi. . . . It has been said that musical expression is confined to the highest natures and that therefore birds of prey never sing. . . . I would rather be the mockingbird . . . to live for one short hour, than to be the venomous toad and exist throughout a century, or to be the loathsome reptile and live a thousand years.*"—Congressional Record.

"'The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,'
As Shakespeare wisely stated,"
Cries Rep. D., Miss. "In Dixie, when it's dark,
The rapturous Southern Mockingbird hath mated
Melodious trills and warblings free from blame
To put a *world* of nightingales to shame!

"Courageous as the eagle; as the dove
Gentle; his whole life long
The Golden Rule he follows! From above
Shower sentiments reflected in his song.
'The Golden Harp of Nature' is inspiring.
Besides, the reptiles live too long. It's tiring.

"The 'loathsome vampire,' that 'reputed pest,'
Never has breathed a tune;
But ah, the Mockingbird! Within its breast
All Frank Swoonatras in delirium swoon!
The Yankee eagle only soars and screams;
But I—have been a Mockingbird—in *dreams!*

"I'd rather be a Mockingbird—with swing—
Than any Yank or Kike.
My tireless serenade would thrill the Spring,
A regular Caruso-on-a-bike!
Rather than toad or reptile—"

Voice from the Wings:
"Sing! Don't fake it!
From reptiles birds evolved. . . .
Sure you can make it?"

ENVOY—ALL VOICES

Sweet Mockingbird, burst your small breast, and sing!
With "The Man" Bilbo, usher in the Spring!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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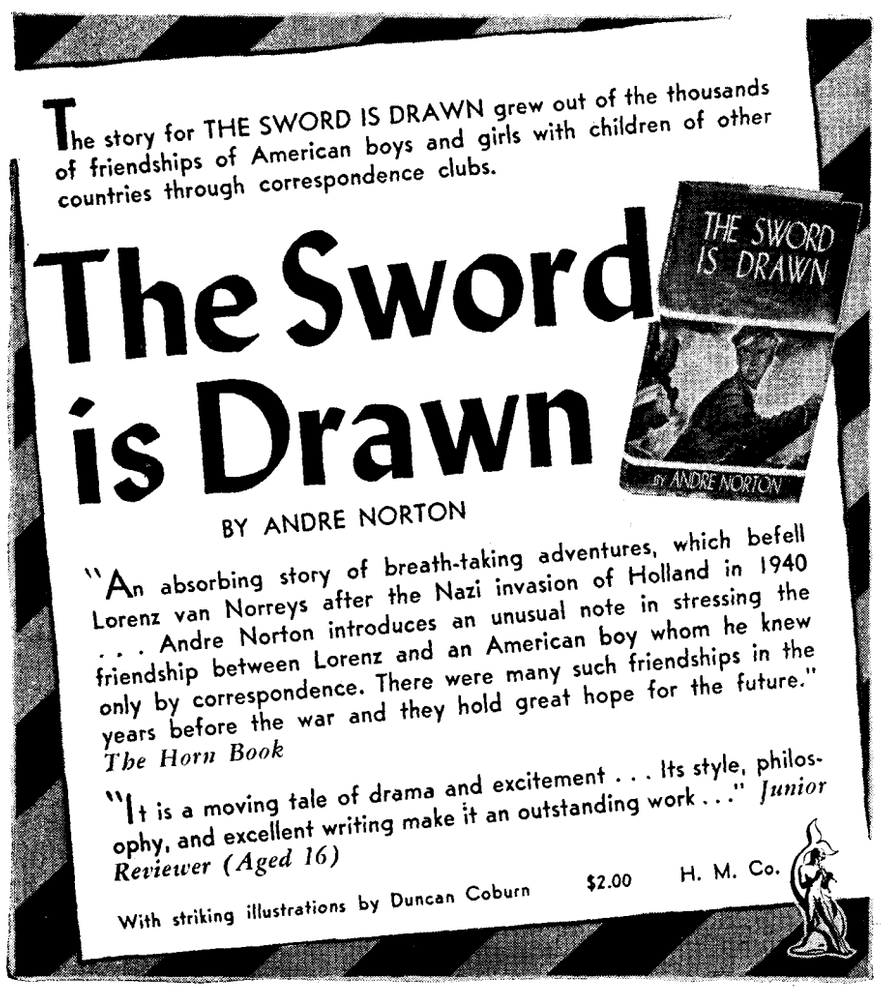
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(*Continued on page* 81)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 80)

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GUIDE TO SPRING BOOKS ADVERTISED IN THIS ISSUE

Page

A

All Dogs Go to Heaven (Fell) 4
Also the Hills (Messner) 61
Apple Must Be Bitten, The (Scribner) 46
Album of American History (Scribner) 47
Attaining Maturity (Farrar & Rinehart) 51
All for the Love of a Lady (Scribner) 46
Art of Illusion, The (Scribner) 47
America Unlimited (Doubleday, Doran) 5
Adventures in Light and Color (Random) 43
Americana Annual, The (Americana Corporation) 65
Amazing Petroleum Industry, The (Reinhold) ..71

B

Bataan: The Judgment Seat (Macmillan) 2
Born Under Saturn (Macmillan) 2
Beyond the Dark (Scribner) 46
Bedford Village (Farrar & Rinehart) 50
Beloved Scientist (Whittlesey) 55
Baby Doctor (Whittlesey) 55
Broken Arc, The (Harper) 59
Bequest of Wings (Viking) 73
Basic Works of *Aristotle*, The (Random) 43
Bedside Book of Famous American Stories, The (Random) 43
Bedside Book of Famous British Stories, The (Random) 43
Basic Writings of St. Thomas Aquinas, The (Random) 43
Boat Children of Canton (McKay) 56
Basic Formulas of Fiction, The (University of Oklahoma Press) 68
Border Command (University of Oklahoma Press) 68
Behind the Steel Wall (Viking) 37

C

Cloudless May (Macmillan) 2
Crazy Weather (Macmillan) 2
Collected Works of Mrs. Peter Willoughby, The (Little, Brown) 41
Country Colic (Little, Brown) 41
Condensed Chemical Dictionary (Reinhold) 71
Clowns and Angels (Sheed & Ward) 70
Colcorton (Scribner) 46
Century of Political Cartoons, A (Scribner) 47
Canapé-Vert (Farrar & Rinehart) 50
Charles Lamb and His Friends (Bobbs-Merrill) ..52
Contemporary Italy (Dutton) 53
Cleric's Secret, The (Dial) 57
Connecticut Yankee (Yale University Press) 66
Concerto, The (Doubleday, Doran) 33
Chips: The Story of a Cocker Spaniel (Winston) 74
Coal Industry, The (Longmans, Green) 77
Complete Greek Drama, The (Random) 43
Complete Roman Drama, The (Random) 43
Complete Works of Eugene O'Neill, The (Random) 43
Complete Poetry and Selected Prose of John Donne and Complete Poetry of William Blake (Random) 43
Cherry Harvest (Messner) 61
Chicago (Messner) 61
City, The (Reinhold) 71
Cities of Latin America (Reinhold) 71

D

Fuehrer, Der (Houghton Mifflin) 35
Dragonwyck (Houghton Mifflin) 35
Dialogues of Plato, The (Random) 43
Devil and the Deep, The (Scribner) 46
D Day (Harper) 59
Drying and Dehydration of Foods (Reinhold) ..71
Design in Diamonds (Doubleday, Doran) 79
Dangling Man (Vanguard) 40

E

Empire of the Air (Harcourt, Brace) 6

F

From Shakespeare to Joyce (Doubleday, Doran) 5
Farther North (Harcourt, Brace) 6
Fire Bell in the Night (Holt) 38
Final Hour, The (Scribner) 46
Four Boys and a Gun (Dial) 57
First Lady Chatterley, The (Dial) 57
Federation: The Coming Structure of World Government (University of Oklahoma Press) ..68
Flower of Evil (Sheed & Ward) 70
Far from Marlborough Street (Viking) 73

G

God's Front Porch (Morrow) 3
Greek Historians, The (Random) 43
Guide for the Bedevilled, A (Scribner) 47
God Is My Co-Pilot (Scribner) 47
Great Transformation, The (Farrar & Rinehart) 51
Germany After Hitler (Farrar & Rinehart) 51
Generation of Vipers (Farrar & Rinehart) 51

Page

Growth of American Thought, The (Harper) 59
Green Mountain Boy (Farrar & Rinehart) 75

H

Heaven Is Too High (Morrow) 3
Hotel Berlin '43 (Doubleday, Doran) 5
Haunted House, A (Harcourt, Brace) 7
Here Is Your War (Holt) 39
Holt Modern Language Trainers, The (Holt) 39
Heritage of Spain, The (Holt) 39
Hawthorne: Critic of Society (Yale University Press) 66
Hawthorne the Artist (University of North Carolina Press) 69
Heroes of the Pacific (Messner) 61

I

Ideal Marriage (Random) 43
It's a Woman's World (Whittlesey) 55

J

Jean Malaquais' War Diary (Doubleday, Doran) 5
Jane Eyre (Random) 43
Journey in the Dark (Harper) 59
Justice and World Society (University of North Carolina Press) 69
Jenny Kissed Me (Doubleday, Doran) 79
Keys to the House, The (Crowell) 36

L

League to Enforce Peace, The (University of North Carolina Press) 69
Letters of Mary W. Shelley (University of Oklahoma Press) 68
Love Letter from an Impossible Land (Yale University Press) 66
Liberty Street (Harper) 59
Lost Weekend, The (Farrar & Rinehart) 50
Long Balkan Night, The (Scribner) 47
Liberal Education (Holt) 39
Life and Death of Little Jo, The (Doubleday, Doran) 5
Latchstring Out (Houghton Mifflin) 35
Loom of Language, The (Norton) 67
Look Your Last (Doubleday, Doran) 79

M

Mein Kampf (Houghton Mifflin) 35
Mocking Bird Is Singing, The (Holt) 38
More by Corwin (Holt) 39
Misadventures of Sherlock Holmes, The (Little, Brown) 41
Montana: High, Wide, and Handsome (Yale University Press) 66
Machiavelli's The Prince (University of North Carolina Press) 69
Mystery at White Moccasins (Farrar & Rinehart) 75
Minerals in Nutrition (Reinhold) 71
Marine Products of Commerce (Reinhold) 71

N

No Good from a Corpse (Coward-McCann) 78
Now We Fly (Winston) 74
Navajo and Pueblo Silversmiths, The (University of Oklahoma Press) 68
News of the 45th (University of Oklahoma Press) 68
No Matter Where (Dutton) 53
Nine to Five (Scribner) 46
Nine Lives with Grandfather (Messner) 61

O

One Touch of Venus (Little, Brown) 41
Outnumbered, The (Dodd, Mead) 48
Old Master (Dutton) 53
Out of the Midwest (Whittlesey) 55

P

Perelandra (Macmillan) 2
Parchment Key, The (Harcourt, Brace) 7
Passport to the War (Holt) 39
Proud People, The (Scribner) 46
Persons and Places (Scribner) 47
Power Within Us, The (Duell, Sloan & Pearce) 49
Practice of Idealism, The (Duell, Sloan & Pearce) 49
Profile by Gaslight (Simon & Schuster) 60
Public and Private Government (Yale University Press) 66
Practical Farming for the South (University of North Carolina Press) 69
Puppy Stakes (Westminster) 76
Pageant of Canadian History (Longmans, Green) 77
Poldrate Street (Messner) 61

Q

Queen Was in the Kitchen, The (Whittlesey) 55
Queen of Spades, The (Doubleday, Doran) 79

Page

R

Road Back to Paris, The (Doubleday, Doran) .. 5
Razor's Edge, The (Doubleday, Doran) 5
Rookie of the Year (Harcourt, Brace) 6
Rex of the Coast Patrol (Harcourt, Brace) 6
Rebellion in the Backlands (University of Chicago Press) 8
Robe, The (Houghton Mifflin) 35
Rise to Follow (Holt) 39
Remembrance of Things Past (Random) 43
Revolution Comes of Age (Farrar & Rinehart) ..51
Russia and the United States (Dutton) 53
Riddle of Cancer, The (Yale University Press) ..66
Report on Demobilization (University of Oklahoma Press) 68
Road to Salem, The (University of North Carolina Press) 69
Republic, The (Viking) 37

S

Silence of the Sea, The (Macmillan) 2
Shock of Recognition, The (Doubleday, Doran) 5
Steep Ascent, The (Harcourt, Brace) 7
Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson (Harcourt, Brace) 7
Shield of Achilles, The (Harcourt, Brace) 7
Selected Poems of Robert Penn Warren (Harcourt, Brace) 7
Silly Girl (Houghton Mifflin) 35
Seven Sleepers, The (Holt) 39
Shape of Memory, The (Holt) 39
Studies in the Psychology of Sex (Random) 43
Selected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers (Random) ..43
Stoic and Epicurean Philosophers, The (Random) 43
Strange Fruit (Reynal & Hitchcock) 45
Stand on a Rainbow (Duell, Sloan & Pearce) ..49
Shore Leave (Farrar & Rinehart) 50
Searchlight on Peace Plans (Dutton) 53
Soviet Russia's Foreign Policy, 1939-1942 (Yale University Press) 66
Secret of the Closed Gate, The (Winston) 74
Storm Canvas (Winston) 74
Sixty to Go (Messner) 61
Story Parade Star Book, The (Winston) 74
Smoky Ridge (Longmans, Green) 77
Separate Star (Longmans, Green) 77
Sword Is Drawn, The (Houghton Mifflin) 80
Steel Industry, The (Longmans, Green) 77
Students of Spalato, The (Dutton) 53
Soilless Growth of Plants (Reinhold) 71
Saint on Guard, The (Doubleday, Doran) 79

T

They Came to London (Macmillan) 2
Treasury of Great Russian Short Stories, A (Macmillan) 2
Travels in Arabia Deserta (Random) 43
Treason (Scribner) 46
Trial of Adolph Hitler, The (Dutton) 53
Tree Grows in Brooklyn, A (Harper) 59
Theory of Economic Progress, The (University of North Carolina Press) 69
Treks Across the Veldt (Viking) 73
Tad Lincoln (Westminster) 76
Trouble at Tamarack (Westminster) 76
They All Had Glamour (Messner) 61
Triumph of Treason (Ziff-Davis) 63

U

Unfinished Business (Doubleday, Doran) 5

V

Victory Without Peace (Harcourt, Brace) 6
Voiceless India (John Day) 58
Victory at Midway (Farrar & Rinehart) 51
Victory Garden Manual (Ziff-Davis) 63

W

Wait for Mrs. Willard (Simon & Schuster) 84
What Is Our Destiny (Doubleday, Doran) 5
Winter Wheat (Harcourt, Brace) 7
While Still We Live (Little, Brown) 41
Wisdom of China and India, The (Random) 43
Wuthering Heights (Random) 43
Wedding Day (Duell, Sloan & Pearce) 49
Way Our People Lived, The (Dutton) 53
What Became of Anna Bolton? (Harper) 59
Western Journals of Washington Irving, The (University of Oklahoma Press) 68
Walter Clark (University of North Carolina Press) 69
What Is Education? (Sheed & Ward) 70
White Tulip, The (Farrar & Rinehart) 75
War on Cancer, The (Reinhold) 71
We Need Vitamins (Reinhold) 71

Y

You and Your Congress (Morrow) 3
Young Willkie (Harcourt, Brace) 6
Yankee Lawyer (Scribner) 47

Z

Ziba (University of Oklahoma Press) 68

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The Crostics Club

HERE are some ingenious directions for doing DCs contributed by our beloved Gelett Burgess with whose "Burgess Unabridged" some of you seem affectionately familiar, and to which he seems to add in this counsel:

CORRATIVE DOPE FOR KINGSLEY PORISTIC AMBAGES
FOR EPOPTS AND NYMPHOLEPTS

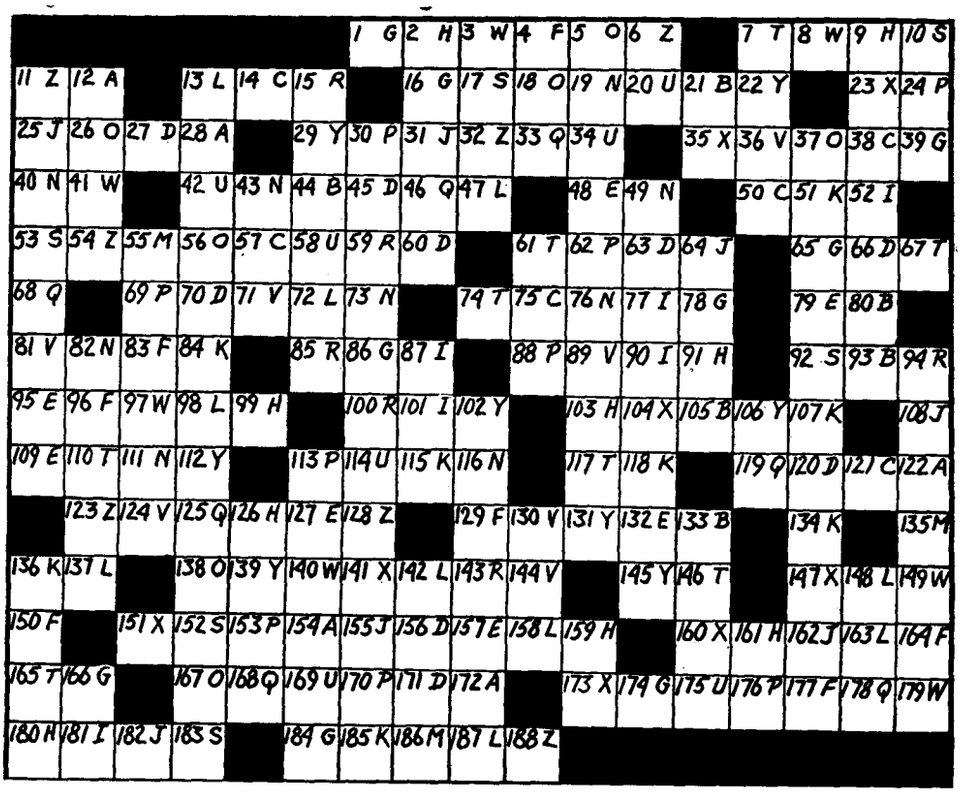
1. If you're a neophyte, begin with the easy words at the end. It will encourage you. 2. If in doubt, take a word with doubled letters. That's the way she gets rid of awkward consonants. 3. If you suspect that a TOWROW is present, turn to the next puzzle. 4. Be pretty sure that all slang belongs to the hoop-skirt era. 5. Keep a list of words you never believed existed in the back of the book. Her anamnesis will bring them back again. 6. Be sure you're up on the Upanishads *et al.* You won't find her using terms like Bicircular Quadrics or Unicursal. 7. Watch out for Hypotyposis, it's due any time now.

David Stern's "Ballade of Marital Unrest," in the Letters to the Editor Dept. of the March 18 issue, made my short hair stand on end, first with excitement, then with the sting of the aspersion on the wifely taste that had stood the test of twenty-eight years of happy marital life. So I wrote to Mrs. Stern for a come-back in *my* column. She replied that as her husband is a literary man she has learned in all these years to take his poetic vagaries in her stride, but she sends this bit of contrition left on her desk shortly after the episode. I'm sure, no matter what your sex, you will appreciate its magnanimity:

TRIOLET BASED ON THE WIFE'S RETORT

Doing D-Cs or composing verse,
  Which is the greater folly?
Here, indeed, is a devil's cherce:
Doing D-Cs or composing verse.
The latter, I claim, is a good deal worse,
  And easier, too, by Golly!
Doing D-Cs or composing verse,
  Which is the greater folly?

Two friendly letters from Mrs. George Warren Dunn, Woodbridge, Conn., written amid the natural beauty of their hill-top woodland home, are chock-full of delightful reminiscences of literature, travel, and puzzling; for in a long life the zest for puzzling has carried her through many evolutions of that art, welcoming at last, she writes, DCs as a literary find after the insane cryptogram type of "Zipping Zany zoomed zealously zenithward." She was introduced to DCs by two members of *The New Yorker* staff, who in a contest beat her by five minutes, but she prefers lingering over them along all the bypaths. One of her sons is head of the International Relations Institute at Yale and another is a Colonel in the U. S. Army "somewhere" overseas. E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 525

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 62 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Author of "Potash and Perlmutter" (1910).

B. An astonishing piece of news (slang).

C. Poet Laureate—1780-90.

D. Beyond control (comp.)

E. The Queen of Lydia whom Hercules served (Gr. Myth.)

F. First President of Harvard University (1640-54; forced to resign because of views on infant baptism).

G. Author of "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep" (A Novel).

H. Spent the summer.

I. Danish poet, writer, literary critic (1760-1830).

J. Interweaves or twists together.

K. A rabbinical seminary.

L. A gelatin pudding containing chestnuts.

M. Ancient Italian goddess of the harvest (Roman. Relig.)

N. French painter from Italy (1850-1924; street scenes, Paris suburbs).

O. Constitutional Amendment for separate election of President and Vice-Pres. (Sept. 25, 1804).

P. A mood of arrogance (2 wds.)

Q. Bending down in the centre; loosing firmness, vigor, etc.

R. German sculptor—1846-1917 (Memorial fountain to Heine in New York).

S. Ejected.

T. One of the two great Hindu Epics (300 B.C.)

U. A centrepiece for table decoration of several grouped dishes.

V. German church musician and composer, friend of Luther (1496-1570).

W. A name of Scotland in old romances and histories.

X. White ants.

Y. Scottish bookseller, suggester of adhesive postage stamps (1834).

Z. A poultry farm.

WORDS

122	28	154	12	172					
80	105	21	44	93	133				
75	57	38	50	14	121				
66	45	171	120	156	70	27	63	60	
48	79	95	109	157	132	127			
150	4	164	129	83	177	96			
1	78	174	86	166	65	184	39	16	
2	103	161	9	126	180	159	99	91	
87	90	101	181	52	77				
25	31	155	64	182	162	108			
118	136	107	51	134	185	115	84		
13	47	158	98	142	72	163	148	187	137
186	55	135							
116	40	49	19	76	43	73	111	82	
26	138	37	167	18	5	56			
113	62	88	30	170	24	176	69	153	
119	125	33	178	168	68	46			
85	143	94	100	59	15				
53	17	92	152	183	10				
67	74	117	7	146	165	61	110		
34	175	20	42	169	58	114			
81	71	89	36	130	124	144			
3	41	8	149	179	97	140			
141	35	147	23	173	104	160	151		
29	139	131	112	145	102	106	22		
123	11	128	32	188	54	6			

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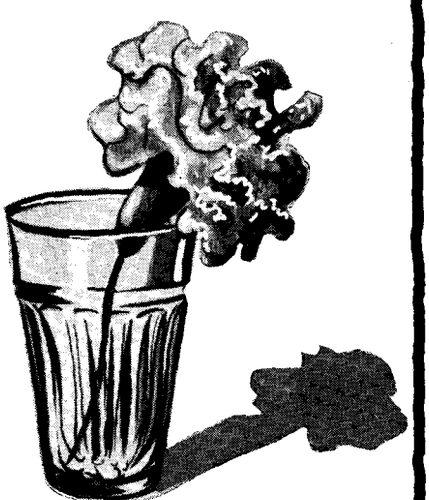
We like to think that the happy look on peoples' faces around town in the last few days is not only because it's spring, but also because they've been reading the season's most appealing novel . . .



Wait for Mrs. Willard

A novel by Dorothy Langley

Price $2.00 · Simon and Schuster, Publishers, N.Y.

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